# The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1900.

## The Week.

With the increasing surplus in the national Treasury it was inevitable that a demand should come for a reduction of "war taxes." The monthly excess of receipts over disbursements is from $8,000,000 to $10,000,000. It is a dangerous condition in more ways than one. Not only does it threaten a withdrawal of money from the channels of business which may produce mercantile distress in the midst of plenty, but the existence of a surplus is a constant and fatal temptation to all sorts of reckless and dishonest schemes in Congress to turn the overflow into private pockets. The ship-subsidy scheme is one of this kind. There was a Republican saying current during the first Cleveland administration, when the Treasury surplus was embarrassing, that "it is easier to manage a surplus than a deficit." This rather taking aphorism proved to be wholly erroneous. Whenever we have a deficit, we can choke it by increasing the rates of existing taxes or by devising new ones. When we have a surplus, innumerable schemes are devised for spending it, usually wasteful, often corrupt, always demoralizing. The most disastrous financial crisis the country ever experienced was brought on by the surplus revenue in the early thirties. The fantastic plan of distributing the money to the several States was followed by fantastic schemes for internal improvements, and these led to crazy speculations in land and town lots. The disastrous panic of 1837 followed. This experience proved that a surplus is not an easy thing to deal with if it has to be managed by a series of town meetings.

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In the Senate of the United States on Friday stern punishment was visited upon Senator Beveridge by Senator Pettus, to the delight of all the other Senators and of the country at large. The venerable statesman from Alabama, figuratively speaking, took the "boy orator" from the Hoosier State across his knee and gave him what he richly deserved. The solemnity and sense of duty with which the act was performed were so manifest in his air and manner that the whole Senate was convulsed with merriment. It was the only kind of punishment that Beveridge could understand. It has made him a laughing-stock for the whole country. To understand the merits of the case we must recall the sophomorical speech made by Beveridge at the beginning of the session on the Philippine question, in which the commercial advantages of the island formed the sole theme, all moral considerations being excluded. That speech called forth severe rebuke from Senator Hoar, who said that it reminded him of a speech once made upon an exceeding high mountain where all the kingdoms of the world were offered to Jesus Christ on condition that he would fall down and worship the devil. The next time that Beveridge appeared in a conspicuous light was in connection with the Porto Rican tariff bill. Here he attempted to assume a high moral rôle. He wrote out a speech adorned with high-flown periods about duty, justice, equity, principle, public faith, honor, etc., and sent it out to the press, designating the day on which it was to be made; but on the day before the moving appeal was to be delivered, a message from Mr. McKinley called the boy orator to the White House, and the result of an interview there was a postponement of the speech, which was announced to all the newspapers, but with the assurance that it would be delivered a little later. When the time came for its actual delivery, word was sent to the expectant press to omit all after a certain designated headline. This headline was the place where the appeals to duty, justice, equity, principle, public faith, and honor began.

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Senator Davis's speech was a trenchant exposure of the miserable makeshift which the Administration has at last wormed itself around to urging as the proper party measure to pass for Porto Rico. He called it "a pernicious mockery of a tariff," and asked Senator Foraker if he wanted to go on the stump and defend a bill which could truthfully be said to leave rum free while taxing flour. The Ohio Senator was observed to "wince" under this thrust, and no wonder. Senator Davis speaks for that larger sentiment of the Northwest which has always looked askance at the Dingley standard of protection, and which is now in open revolt against protective doctrine *in excelsis* that denies the rights of humanity and the sanctions of morality. Mr. Davis has evidently burned his ships behind him on this question, and his speech must have a great and lasting influence. The latest McKinley compromise, which Senator Davis ridiculed, is, in effect, a confession that the bill is indefensible, and a promise not to keep such an oppressive measure in force more than two years anyhow. Then the attempt is made to throw the veil of charity over the whole two-faced and apologetic affair, by talking about the relief of the starving by our generous gifts of food. On this it is enough to quote the scornful comment of the *Correspondencia de Puerto Rico* of March 15: "A thousand times we repeat it—what we want is not alms, but justice and liberty and work."

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Speaker Henderson's incoherent letter on the Porto Rican bill shows how the pervading muddle has finally got into his own brain. He sees horrid visions of "Trusts and syndicates" desiring to get their tobacco and sugar into the United States free of duty. Never shall they take their unholy profits so long as a Henderson is in the chair. But 85 per cent. of their blood money he is, on his own showing, perfectly willing to give them. And after two years they may have the whole 100! This is a defence of the bill which will need amending as seriously as the bill itself. And the Speaker's tactful allusion to the Senate as infected with "cowards," and "the body upon which the great interests always concentrate their efforts to defeat proper legislation," will greatly promote harmony between the two houses. If any Representative had made such a railing attack upon the Senate from the floor of the House, he would have been unparliamentary, and the Speaker would have been compelled to call him to order. But Mr. Henderson always carries his stump oratory about with him, and leads his party by waving his arms and shouting "Glory Hallelujah!" It is dangerous, however, for successors, either in the White House or the Speaker's chair, so to conduct themselves that they make the public more than ever lament their predecessors. After Speaker Reed, Mr. Henderson makes the chair of the presiding officer of the House appear absolutely vacant.

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Governor-General Davis appears to have joined the great rightabout army. When, in his report to the War Department, as in his statements before committees of Congress, he urgently recommended free trade with Porto Rico, he overlooked, he now says, the fact that a tariff would be needed to raise the "necessary funds." As this applies to the distant future, as well as the present, it seems to put Gen. Davis in opposition to the pending bill, which is to be in force only two years. But perhaps he had not heard of this limitation, and will need another interview in which to adjust his views to it. In any case, the procession of reversed officials in this Porto Rican business is now sufficiently large and ludicrous. It includes the law officer of the War Department, its chief, the President, and committees of both houses of Congress. The spectacle is one of extraordinary frivolity on the part of those set to administer the affairs of a great empire. Men who so freely confess that they were silly and short-sighted in their formal

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official recommendations of two or three months ago, can hardly persuade the world that they have become, on a sudden, infallibly wise. Gen. Davis's masterly movement to the rear completes the impression that the whole thing has been done under military orders.

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Debate on the army bill in the House on Wednesday week brought out the fact that Secretary Root's surprising statement as to the expenses of the war in the Philippines related only to actual expenditures in Philippine territory. By leaving out the cost of arming and equipping the new volunteer regiments, and of taking them to Manila on costly transports, Mr. Root was able to state that the war had thus far caused the expenditure of "only" 48 millions, while the estimate of the funds necessary for the army during the coming year calls for no less than 120 millions of dollars. The country must thank Representative Wheeler of Kentucky for having unearthed these facts, and for calling its attention anew to what it is costing the taxpayers to carry on a war of absolute subjugation. The declaration of our intention to treat the Filipinos exactly as we have pledged our word to treat the Cubans, would lead to an immediate cessation of hostilities, and of the waste of life and treasure now going on day and night. In this connection it is interesting to note the statement from Washington in the Baltimore *Sun* that the country need not expect any reduction of the present large army in the islands, and may see another regiment, and possibly more, ordered to Manila before the summer begins. Yet it is just eleven months ago since Gen. Otis expressed absolute confidence that 30,000 men, or less than one-half the number he now has, would be sufficient to end the war and restore peace in short order. This is the same General whom Bishop Potter, after a four days' acquaintance, declares to have shown "an able and full comprehension of the [Philippine] difficulties, and a rare wisdom in meeting them."

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How profitable it has been to rent vessels to the Government for transport service was clearly manifested by the Secretary of War's statement of expenses transmitted on Thursday to the Senate. From this it appears that the total disbursements have been $25,789,409 since the outbreak of the war, for which sum 49 vessels were purchased and 128 chartered for long and short periods. It appears that four of these hired ships earned in less than two years sums very considerably greater than their assessed valuation. Thus, the *Zealandia* was paid $83,266 more than her worth, the *Indiana* $19,166, the *Ohio* $26,338, while the *Senator*, valued at $400,000, received no less than $134,375 more than that sum for her voyages to Manila. Here is a profitable trade, indeed, beside which the gifts of the pending subsidy bill cut but a comparatively small figure. What ship-owner would not heartily welcome a war with the Filipinos or any other people on such terms? It must be understood, of course, that these great sums paid represent the net profits of the owners, since all running expenses, crew wages, and cost of refitting were borne by the Government. Nor must the fact be overlooked that the four most favored ships were owned by Pacific Coast companies, in one of which a United States Senator was much interested. The Senate should probe further into this bit of War Department extravagance, and at least find out why the transport *Senator* was not originally purchased by the Government and $134,375 saved. It is to be hoped that as these matters are understood more clearly, the House will reverse its action in throwing out an amendment to the army bill transferring the transport service to the navy, where it rightly belongs.

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The views of the Rev. Percy S. Grant on the Philippine question were presented afresh by that gentleman at Cooper Union on Sunday evening. There were three good reasons, he said, why we should keep the Philippines. The first was the good we can do them "if we handle them rightly"; the second was the good they can do us if we handle ourselves rightly; and the third was the good we can do to Great Britain, anyhow. The second reason we find reported in a morning paper in these words:

> "It will be good for us to keep the Philippines, not alone on commercial and political grounds, but for the reflex action of the responsibility of governing them, because if we don't deal justly and wisely with the natives, we'll have an insurrection on our hands all the time."

The reflex action upon which Mr. Grant places so much dependence has, we are glad to observe, been put in operation in Guam, where Gov. Leary has been issuing a series of decrees and general orders to that end since last August. On the first of November he adverted to the reflex action of intoxicating liquors in the island, feeling obliged to issue a proclamation against it. "Drunkenness," he said, "the chief source of all crime and trouble in this island, must and shall cease." Class distinctions engaged his thoughts on the 19th of January last, leading him to call public attention "to the fact that the natives of Guam are not 'damned dagoes' nor 'niggers,' but are law-abiding, respectful human beings." He refers also to "several disgraceful cases of assault committed by persons attached to this station, interfering with the functions of local officials, ruthlessly destroying private property, viciously violating the sanctity of native homes, etc., worthy only of the dastardly cowards and blackguards who were implicated in these acts." These praiseworthy efforts of Gov. Leary to promote reflex action on the Americans in Guam seem to have been little appreciated by the Navy Department, for Gov. Leary has been recalled. It seems, also, that the orders issued by him were intentionally suppressed by the Department until a few days ago.

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There is evident need of a Governor in the Philippines who shall give stricter attention to the promotion of reflex action. Although the Rev. Mr. Grant saw no drunkenness or disorder among our soldiers in Manila, and although Bishop Potter found a model government there, the official reports are, nevertheless, somewhat depressing. Thus, in Monday morning's dispatches to the Associated Press we read that the transport steamer *Sherman* sailed from Manila on Sunday for San Francisco, and that she has on board 175 military prisoners and 25 insane. On the same date the transport *Sheridan* arrived at San Francisco, bringing 110 military prisoners, 11 naval prisoners, and 11 insane. These routine reports are seldom noticed nowadays, yet the fact was given out at San Francisco the other day that the military prisons at Fort Leavenworth, and at Alcatraz Island, California, are now full, and that it will be necessary for the Government to erect a new penitentiary for the increasing number of criminals coming from our new possessions. Of course this is a serious reflection on the state of discipline in the Philippines, and it is easy to see that "the good they can do us" is not yet so pronounced as to call for much exultation.

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The industrial situation in Chicago is very deplorable. For more than a month, building operations have been practically suspended, and not a few employers declare that they shall be obliged to give up their business or transfer it elsewhere. The labor unions in the building trades have followed the example of the great manufacturing corporations, and formed a Trust or combination which is absolute in theory, and nearly so in practice. The extent of their power is shown by the statement of Mayor Harrison that on election day (April 3) the non-union contractors and employers of Chicago need expect no protection from the police. Most of the policemen, he said, would be needed at the polls, and if these non-union employers did not see fit to shut down for the day, they would have to take the consequences. Mayor Harrison mentioned only non-union employers, but his threat was, of course, directed equally against the non-union laborers. They know very well what it signifies to have it officially proclaimed that the officers of the law will not defend them against assault.

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Mayor Harrison's excuse cannot be accepted for a moment. He is charged with the preservation of the peace, the enforcement of the laws, the protection of life and property; and there is no more valuable property, to the individual citizen and to the community, than the right to work. It is this fundamental right which has come to be involved. Laborers have the right to form unions or combinations. They have the right to strike for higher wages and for shorter hours. They have the right, as individuals, to refuse to work for any employer upon any grounds whatsoever. That right is implied in the right of free contract. The question whether a combination of laborers has a right to insist, as a condition of working for an employer, that only members of the combination shall be employed, is a different matter. This question now presents itself in its most extreme form, owing to the federation of the labor unions. In the construction of a large modern building many trades are engaged, and in the cities the unions in these trades practically monopolize them. In Chicago the leaders of the unions have combined in what they call the Building Trades Council, and the officers of this council now dictate the terms on which each and all of the members of the several unions shall be employed. If any union is dissatisfied, its grievance is made the cause of all, and if the employer does not remove it, every workman on his building will stop work until he does. It is no longer a question of individual rights, but of the rights of a combination to secure a monopoly for its members. It is, too, a struggle between just government and mob rule.

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The presentment handed in by the grand jury of New York on Friday is one of the most remarkable deliverances that ever came from such a body. The grand jury and the District Attorney of a county are supposed to be always the closest possible allies in the war upon crime. But this grand jury report that they failed to receive from District Attorney Gardiner "any practicable help or effective coöperation" in their endeavor to investigate the corruption in the Police Department. They say that, while they found indictments against one comparatively inconspicuous official, as they were in duty bound to do upon the District Attorney's advice, they believe this police captain's superiors were criminally responsible to an even greater degree for the open violation of law in his precinct. Yet the District Attorney told them that no complaints had been made to him, and that he did not know of any violation of law! The grand jury set forth in plain words the shocking facts about the maladministration of the Police Department, charging in so many words that in their relation to disorderly places, and places in which the law is violated, the officials, from the roundsmen up to the Commissioners, are guilty of "criminal ignorance and criminal negligence." One thing ought to result from this presentment—the prompt removal from office of the District Attorney. Mr. Gardiner himself realizes that he cannot ignore such charges, or avail himself of any technicalities to prevent their consideration by the Commissioner who is now investigating his conduct. This inquiry ought to be pushed to a conclusion as promptly as possible, to the end that the Governor may remove the derelict official without a day's unnecessary delay.

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The English papers express great disappointment and indignation at the size of the award made by the arbitrators in the matter of the Delagoa Bay Railroad. It had been generally assumed that the award would be greater than Portugal could pay without English assistance, for which a compensation would be received. The award now made, however, is only about $3,200,000 and interest, or one-third of what was expected, and this sum can be easily secured by Portugal without recourse to English assistance. Some of the English papers go so far as to say that the Swiss arbitrators were influenced by "Anglophobia" in their decision, but this view encounters the difficulty that the United States Government, as well as that of Great Britain, represented claimants. Nor does it appear that the arbitrators followed other rules than those of the common law in their allowance of damages. The original contractor failed to complete the contract according to its terms, and the Portuguese Government held the contract and the concession of the right to build the railroad forfeited. Under such circumstances, the contractor might perhaps establish a claim for damages to the extent of his actual disbursements, or what is called in law a *quantum meruit*. Such damages the arbitrators have allowed, with interest at 5 per cent. But the claim for prospective profits, which some experts figured at from $15,000,000 to $30,000,000, could hardly be allowed, on legal grounds, unless the contractor had completely performed his agreement. It is reasonable to suppose that the arbitrators found that the contractor was in default, in which case he could not easily make good his claim for prospective profits. The anticipated overthrow of the Transvaal Republic deprives the matter of much of its political significance, as in that event the railroad would cease to be available in military operations against the British possessions.

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It now costs rich people who die in Great Britain nearly $90,000,000 per annum to pay their final taxes. In a recent debate in the House of Commons, apropos of the death of "Chicago Smith" and his contribution of $4,500,000 in death duties, Sir William Harcourt said that when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer the death duties yielded £10,000,000. He then proposed an increase estimated at £3,500,000, which Parliament enacted, but, instead of a total of £13,500,000, the amount had now swelled to £17,500,000. In other words, the increase had been double the estimate. It had been predicted that under this death-tax millionaires would disappear. On the contrary, he said, millionaires had been found who would never have been discovered otherwise. Chicago Smith was one of this class. Sir William regretted the tone of levity with which the present Chancellor had referred to the author of this windfall to the Treasury, "because you ought not," he said, "to look a dead millionaire in the mouth." If Chicago Smith had known how much merriment his death would cause in Government circles, he would perhaps have spent as much as twenty shillings per day for his own use, instead of limiting himself to fifteen, as Sir Michael Hicks-Beach estimated his personal expenses.

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Signs of the democratic ferment at work in Germany are multiplying at the very moment when the pitch of absolutism seems reached. One of them is the proposal, urged with renewed earnestness by the various radical groups in the Reichstag, to pay salaries to members. Another is the introduction of obstructionist tactics to defeat offensive measures before the Reichstag. Resort to parliamentary filibustering, such as Biggar or Parnell might have envied, was successfully made by the Social Democrats a couple of weeks ago, and led to scenes of disorder unequalled since Bismarck's Kulturkampf. The particular occasion was the attempt to pass a law regulating the sale of books, pictures, etc., and placing public entertainments under stricter police control. This so-called "lex Heinze" has aroused great excitement and antagonism in German artistic and literary circles, where it is denounced as a dangerous attack on the freedom of literature and art. Deputations of distinguished men—Mommsen, Menzel, Sudermann, and many others—waited upon the Chancellor to protest against the measure. But the Conservative and Clerical majority in the Reichstag went steadily ahead passing its opening clauses, until the Social Democrats took to moving obstructive amendments, and finally compelled the Government to carry the matter over into April. The incident shows once more how the Social Democrats have attained their great political power in Germany, not as Socialists pure and simple, but as the one party standing consistently for liberty, and furnishing the readiest weapon against arbitrary government.

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*THE UNDERSTANDING AS TO CHINA.*

Through the publication of the official correspondence covering Secretary Hay's Chinese negotiation, we are enabled to see on what boldly original lines it was conceived, and with what complete success it was carried out. When the London *Times* recognizes the event as a "signal success of American diplomacy," Americans ought not to be behindhand in their praise of a great achievement by their Department of State. It is no mere triumph of a selfish national interest. What Mr. Hay asked for our merchants and investors in China was simply an equality of right and privilege with all the world; and in securing it for ourselves, he won a guarantee of it for all. Hereafter, so far as the solemn commitments of seven great Powers can assure it, any citizen of any of them, or of any other nation, who wishes to embark in the Chinese trade, enjoys the certainty that he will have to submit to no discriminating tariff taxes, or harbor dues, or railway charges. This is a noble work of peace. Mr. Hay has extended the saying that he serves his party best who best serves his country, and converted it into the larger truth that he serves his country best who best serves the whole world.

From the diplomatic point of view the negotiation appears simplicity itself. No treaties: just an exchange of official notes. No alliances: no playing off of one Power against another; simply a quiet inclusion of them all in a common policy. This is simple enough, but so is any feat of skill when you know how to do it. It took high talent to arrive at the novel conception, and delicate tact to press its acceptance. Both design and execution have been masterly. If the plan of negotiating treaties had been elected, months or years would have been consumed, and a jealous and mischief-making Senate would have spoiled the work in the end. As it is, Mr. Hay lays before Congress a completed transaction. The Senate can neither add to it nor take from it—neither make nor mar it. It is *fait accompli*. And the Secretary displayed the nicest skill in urging his project simultaneously upon the various Powers. His shrewd proviso that no agreement should be binding unless assented to by all, led all the chancelleries to agree almost before they knew it. Great Britain was, of course, willing to promise the open door; it is her historic and invariable policy. But Germany? Well, Von Bülow may have thought it safe to make a promise contingent on France's acceptance, which might never be given. The French Foreign Office may have counted on Russian reluctance; Count Muravieff on Japanese aversion, and so on around the circle. In the end, Mr. Hay appeared smiling with his whole sheaf of acceptances, and the thing was done. It was an exceedingly daring and skilful stroke of diplomacy.

Of the commercial and industrial outlook which the agreement opens for China, and foreign interests in China, it is superfluous to speak. The Empire is rapidly unlocking its doors. In the mere matter of projected and feasible railways, the near future is sure to see a marvellous transformation in the conditions of life and commerce in China. These railways will be built, though with foreign capital, yet with the consent of the people. Somehow or other, they are getting over their old superstitious notions about the *Feng-Shuey*, those obstructive spirits of the air and water which formerly made railway building sacrilegious. Great trunk lines will soon cross the vast domain. And the interior resources which will be opened to the world's industry and trade are only beginning to be realized. Mr. Joseph Walton, an English member of Parliament, recently journeyed 1,600 miles up the Yang-tsze, and found a "land of peace, plenty, and civilization," possessing the richest alluvial soil, which grew two or three crops a year, and where the people were so in a world by themselves that they had never heard of the war with Japan. This is in the British sphere of influence; and the French and Germans are developing their "leases" with feverish activity. What France might naturally be expected to do in her Chinese territories may be inferred from what she has done in Cambodia and Tonkin. In 1885, seven-eighths of the imports into those regions were English and German. The French promptly clapped on protective duties, and cut the proportion down to one-quarter. So exclusive commercially is the French colonial policy that a European diplomat sorrowfully said that an island or continental strip acquired by France might as well be blotted off the map, so far as the world's trade is concerned. In China, at least, thanks to Mr. Hay's diplomacy, French possessions, like those of all other countries, will be open to ships and goods of all nationalities on equal terms.

It has been alleged that the Secretary had pointed questions addressed to him, in the course of the negotiation, by some of the Foreign Ministers. They wanted assurances about an open door in the Philippines. They were even said to have expressed innocent surprise at the sudden desire for an open door by a nation that kept its own doors slammed and double-locked in the face of all foreigners. Nothing of this appears in the official documents, whatever may, in fact, have passed. We presume that Mr. Hay declined to be drawn into the discussion of a side issue. If he had said that American protection was a dead issue, he would not have been wide of the truth. His own negotiation puts an official seal of ridicule upon our old "home-market" and "what-have-we-to-do-with-abroad" contentions. The day of our narrow, home-keeping protection, with its Chinese-like hatred of foreign devils, has gone for ever. The conception of a world's market, in which we and all must compete, without fear or favor, is the informing spirit of Mr. Hay's large-minded diplomacy; and for this, and because it is a splendid instance of American sagacity winning a peaceful victory, we extend to him our warmest congratulations. His Chinese negotiation, with his enlightened canal treaty, will make his occupancy of the State Department memorable.

*POLK AND M'KINLEY.*

Mexico and our Mexican war have all along been a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence to our latter-day Imperialists. Their leading political doctrines were distinctly repudiated, one after the other, by this country in 1847-48. The flag was up over a vast territory completely at our mercy, but it was hauled down. As at the end of the Spanish war, the opportunity to bless an inferior people by robbing them of their country was tempting a half-century ago. Bishop Potter's new light about the duty of a strong nation to take over the goods of a weak one, is only a revamping of Birdofredom Sawin's great moral discovery made in Mexico itself:

> "—— our nation's bigger'n theirn, an' so its rights air bigger."

The danger that Mexico would fall into helpless anarchy was just as great as that the Philippines would; and President Diaz's declaration the other day that his country is now enjoying great prosperity, and showing every sign of contentment and progress, is the sufficient comment on the futility of such prophecy.

All these things, we say, have been difficulties to the argumentative Imperialist of our day, who has met them in the good old way of looking them full in the face and discreetly passing by. But Prof. Bourne of Yale University has given a new point to the Mexican analogy by his paper in the April *American Historical Review*, on "The United States and Mexico, 1847-1848." What he abundantly shows by his researches in contemporary documents is that there was, in 1847, a powerful movement for the annexation of all of Mexico. It affected both parties, and was found in all parts of the country. It had its spokesmen in the press, in Congress, in political conventions, even in the Cabinet. And all the arguments which were used in 1898 to justify the taking of the Philippines were brought into play in 1847 to force the absorption of the whole of Mexico. The reason why the earlier clamor failed while the later succeeded is to be found, ultimately, in the fact that in 1847 a man was living in the White House.

Glance for a moment at some of the evidence which Prof. Bourne collects in

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his striking article, going to prove that a President with his ear to the ground in 1847 would have got an imperative command to annex all Mexico. England wanted it, as we know she wanted us to take the Philippines. "People are beginning to say," wrote Bancroft to Buchanan from London, "that it would be a blessing to the world if the United States would assume the tutelage of Mexico." Religion and humanity were made a cloak for greed, fifty years ago as now. "Civilization and Christianity" were invoked against the policy of withdrawing our troops and leaving Mexico a prey to "barbarism and anarchy." The military forwards were for keeping all. Gen. Quitman posted to Washington in hot haste to urge upon the President a plan for the permanent occupation of Mexico. Commodore Stockton, "the Dewey of the conquest of California," as Prof. Bourne happily calls him, was for an indefinite occupation of all conquered territory. Not even the "strenuous" argument was wanting. The Hunker Democracy of New York came out in State convention, with language which clearly marks the political ancestry of the present Governor, and asked, respecting the field opened in Mexico, "Shall we occupy it? Shall we now run with manly vigor the race that is set before us?. Or shall we yield to the suggestions of a sickly fanaticism, or sink into an enervating slumber?" Lest any reader should think this an unblushing plagiarism from the man who "thinks with his fists," Prof. Bourne gives the reference to *Niles' Register.*

The final crisis in 1847 was reached in the White House. Polk's unpublished diary, of which Prof. Bourne has had the reading, shows how uncertain and divided were the Cabinet and the Senate, and how he was led up into a high mountain to be tempted, as was his latest successor in office. The situation was awkward. The Mexicans, though hopelessly beaten, had refused the President's terms of peace. It was necessary for him to recommend to Congress the next step. What should be the tenor of his message? That was the question anxiously debated by Polk and his Cabinet all through the month of November, 1847. Finally, on the 20th, Buchanan, who had been asked to make a draft of this part of the message, advised the President to tell Congress that, in case the Mexicans continued to stand out, "we must fulfil that destiny which Providence may have in store for both countries." There it was—Destiny, with its religious attachment! Annexation by inertia and drift! But Polk, instead of putting his ear to the ground, put it to the Constitution and his own sense of personal dignity and responsibility, and told the Cabinet, as he wrote in his diary, "I thought this would be too indefinite, and that it would be avoiding my Constitutional responsibility." Strange idea of a President's duty! And Polk went even further in his eccentricities, and declared that he would not consent to any result of the war inconsistent with its avowed object, and actually told Buchanan that "I did not desire that anything I said in the message should be so obscure as to give rise to doubt or discussion as to what my true meaning was"! Evidently the "emperor of expediency," as ex-Speaker Reed calls him, had not then mounted the throne.

Prof. Bourne does not press his *de te fabula.* He leaves his racy and instructive material to speak for itself. We can but imitate him in this; only remarking on the fresh proof he has given us of the immense place which personality, after all, holds in political evolution. Polk has long been a butt of Republican vituperation, but what a giant of firmness and courage he appears beside that reed, shaken in the wind and tossed, which the Republican party has at last put in the White House! Amid the nicely balanced forces of 1847, it was Polk's personal weight which turned the scale and kept us out of Mexico. Under far less real pressure, in 1898, the President went with what he thought to be the crowd, and got us into the Philippines. Destiny, in solemn capitals, confronted Polk as it did McKinley; but Polk looked it out of countenance with Personality. But this, unfortunately, was precisely what nature left out in mixing the elements of McKinley.

## *GOVERNMENTAL COMMISSIONS.*

One of the chief causes of the rapid increase in the expenses of government in recent times is the multiplication of commissions. The variety in the nature of these commissions is as remarkable as their number. They are created by the national Government, by the State governments, and even by municipalities. Some are permanent bureaus, some are temporary. Some are stationary and some are roving. Almost all are expensive; very few are necessary, and many, it is to be feared, are created for the purpose of furnishing certain favored individuals with comfortable and even lucrative positions. Not a few are practically sinecures, the fortunate incumbents taking pains not to attract public attention to their existence. It might be better if we could call others sinecures, for when commissioners become impressed with the greatness of their office they may do much mischief, as the Commissioners of Statutory Revision are charged with doing to the laws of New York. The non-partisan commissions are sometimes positively corrupt, for it is understood that their members are to be named by the leaders of the political parties, and sometimes such nomination is actually prescribed. Were the cost of all these commissions calculated, it would reach incredible figures. The Comptroller of New York city states that to obtain certain water rights cost this city $1,400,000, of which $900,000 went for the expenses involved in acquiring title through condemnation commissions.

Nothing seems more reasonable than the theory of the commission. The Legislature desires to be furnished with information on which to base its action, and what more natural than to appoint a commission to collect this information and present it in intelligible shape? An executive needs facts in order to frame a policy, and a commission is the most obvious means of obtaining them. But in practice the theory encounters difficulties. Legislatures perversely ignore the reports of their commissions, when they are not adapted to the political conditions or satisfactory to potent interests. Executives find that the reports of their commissioners are seldom accepted as conclusive, either by legislators or by the people at large. The instances where reforms have been accomplished by the influence of the reports of commissions on the minds of legislators are comparatively rare. If the reports happen to coincide with public opinion or party expediency, well and good; otherwise the reports merely swell the printers' bill. One of the New York commissions recently published its report, at a cost of $42,000, and others have cost as much as $20,000 and $30,000. The reports published by the national Government cost enough every year to endow a college. They are occasionally of value to students, but they are not often aids to legislation. We have had an exhaustive and expensive report on the Philippine Islands by one commission, and shall after a time have another by a second; but it will not be contended that Congressmen have been influenced by the first or will be by the last. Probably very few of them will read either.

We will not deny to these commissions a certain negative value. Lord Melbourne used to say, when the question of amending some established usage was brought up, "Can't you let it alone?" Very many evils correct themselves better than legislators can correct them, and many laws, passed in a spasm of reforming zeal, do more harm than good. In English politics this is well understood, and the Parliamentary commission is an established device for shelving inconvenient proposals. When the public works itself up to such an extent as to stimulate members of Parliament to demand action, Ministers do not always think it wise to refuse to grant requests to which they have objections, but profess lack of sufficient knowledge. The subject to which attention has been called, they say, is one of great importance—too great importance to allow it to be hastily dealt with. We must proceed

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with deliberation, after full acquaintance with the facts, and we will therefore grant a commission to investigate them. In due time the commission reports; but meanwhile the world has moved on. When the commission on the depression of Trade finishes its labors, Trade, like old dog Tray, is laughing; and probably a member of Parliament, or of Congress, condemned now to read the report of the last commission on bimetallism, would beg, like the Florentine convict who preferred the galleys to Guicciardini's History, to be let off with a term in prison.

From the point of view of the beneficiary, the "roving" commission is the most desirable. The country would be surprised to know how many men are sent abroad by the authorities at Washington to study the affairs of other nations. Some of these commissioners really prepare conscientious reports, reports which might be of value if they were acted on. But they are not acted on, and, under present conditions, these pleasant appointments are obtained by political influence. A Washington pastor was once selected as "Inspector of Consulates"—such consulates as could be conveniently inspected in a trip around the world; and the appointment was rather more conspicuous than unusual in character. There has been for some years a very large "Industrial Commission" roving over the country, and holding sessions at which any citizen of sufficient prominence may express his views on matters and things in general. This commission was apparently created to relieve Congressmen who had lost their seats, or who expected to lose them, from the disagreeable jar and pecuniary stress of a sudden return to private life; the "labor" element being propitiated by a few appointments. The testimony it takes is about such as newspapers obtain in "interviews," and its report will be of larger bulk and less value than a file of almost any leading journal.

One of the greatest impositions on the public is the "trade" commission. A bill now before Congress proposes to have a commission appointed "to study commercial and economic conditions in the Orient." This commission is expected to instruct our merchants how to develop their Asiatic trade intelligently and vigorously. With not unreasonable indignation, the Portland *Oregonian* protests that the merchants of this country do not need to be taught their business "by the efforts of a junketing band of commissioners." It presents very conclusive evidence that the trade of the Orient has been not only studied, but also developed to a remarkable degree, by trained business men, who understand how to carry it on profitably. The same journal insinuates that these alert merchants would not select the kind of men that will be appointed commissioners when they engaged in important commercial enterprises. But as the commissioners will probably enjoy their Oriental tour at the public expense, they can afford to smile at such invidious comments.

## *A NAVAL STUDENT ON OUR WAR WITH SPAIN.*

Contemporary foreign opinion is said to anticipate the verdict of posterity. This is certainly apt to be the case with a war, of which a disinterested foreign expert can naturally form a cooler and saner judgment than a citizen of either of the combatant nations. Hence a peculiar value and interest attaches to the recent publication of 'The Downfall of Spain' (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.), by H. W. Wilson, the English naval writer, author of 'Ironclads in Action,' etc. He brings out this naval history of our war with Spain at a date late enough to have the advantage of full official reports, both American and Spanish, together with the technical discussions already printed by eminent naval authorities, and yet not too late for his subject to retain living interest. As an absolutely impartial specialist, Mr. Wilson is in a position to set right the shouters on either side; and the judicial quality of his review of the war makes his opinions well worth consideration.

As a preliminary question, he discusses the blowing up of the *Maine*. Premising that "it is the general opinion of foreign naval authorities" that the disaster was due to spontaneous combustion in the bunkers, Mr. Wilson declares that this is only a "simple and easy method of getting over the trouble of studying the evidence." After going over the exhaustive and scientific investigation made by our board of inquiry, as also the flimsy and inconsequential report of the Spanish naval officers, Mr. Wilson deliberately concludes that the evidence "establishes the probability" that the *Maine* was destroyed by a mine. The strongest element of proof is the rigorous elimination of all other suggested causes of the explosion. As to the motive, Mr. Wilson points to the fact that the destruction of the *Maine* left the American navy weaker "on paper" than the Spanish. Good judges in England held the opinion that the loss of the battle-ship made Spain the stronger at sea; even Admiral Colomb took that view as late as April 18. Hence, argues Mr. Wilson, some reckless Spanish officer in Havana, of course without authority, may have concluded to take this desperate means of turning the scale in favor of his country. Mr. Wilson adds:

"That the *Maine* was considered in unofficial Spanish circles in Havana to have been blown up by a Spaniard is shown by the fact, of which the author was informed by a friend, resident then and now in Havana, that, on the night of her destruction, and on the following day, the health of the men who destroyed her was being drunk in the cafés by Spaniards."

Coming down to the naval battles of the war, Mr. Wilson quietly overrides those extemporized naval experts, like Senator Lodge, who rank the battle of Manila Bay above that of the Nile. He says tersely of Dewey's work on that May morning, that it was "a military execution rather than a real contest." This is not intended in the least to detract from the Admiral's "deserved reputation." He "did his work excellently well, without a trace of doubt or hesitation." But, when all is said, Mr. Wilson thinks that Dewey's chief credit lies in the fact that "he seems, more than any other American officer, to have realized the hopeless rottenness of the Spanish navy and the Spanish defences." As for Montojo, he was completely outclassed from the beginning, yet showed strange want of foresight and energy. He did not even utilize, as he might have done, the feeble forces at his disposal.

It is not necessary to follow our author in detail over the stages of the operations which led up to the Santiago sea-fight. He shows how, to the astonishment of the world, the Spanish naval strength on paper dwindled to almost nothing in fact; so that the final destruction of Cervera's fleet was a comparatively easy affair. While praising the Spanish Admiral's serene courage and perfect realization of the fate before his squadron, he shrewdly points out that so despondent a commander was not the man to make the best of a bad situation. A more enterprising, because more hopeful, Admiral might, in Mr. Wilson's opinion, have given the Americans much more trouble at Santiago than Cervera did. For Sampson and the American captains our author has little but high praise. The actual battle, he justly says, was a captains' and engineers' fight, and to them was due the victory. But the Admiral in command had foreseen and directed everything.

Into the Sampson-Schley controversy Mr. Wilson does not explicitly go. Yet he shows, from official records, how Schley made many mistakes and came perilously near disobeying orders. Of the famous "loop" of the *Brooklyn*, made early in the fight, by Schley's orders, Mr. Wilson says that the explanation given for it does not square with the facts, and that, "on the whole, it seems probable to the writer that Schley wished to move the *Brooklyn* further out." Yet "it is cruelly unjust to impugn his personal courage." Finally, we quote this distinguished authority's tribute to Admiral Sampson, which brings home to us afresh the strange neglect of Congress to reward him or the men of his fleet for the work which foreigners have rated so highly. Yellow journalism and small-minded politicians have so far successfully prevented due official recognition of an Admiral (and his admiring cap-

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tains) of whom an eminent foreign expert can write as follows:

"After the battle, ungenerous and ignorant attempts were made to rob Admiral Sampson of the credit which he deserved. By certain Americans, who are apparently unaware that Admiral Sampson's name as a great artillerist has been for years familiar to all naval students, it was assumed that his promotion to the chief command over the heads of Capts. Schley and Watson was a piece of favoritism. Admiral Sampson's success is the best answer to this charge. He has been blamed for his absence at the moment when Cervera put to sea, though it is now known that he had been expressly ordered by the Navy Department to go to Siboney, and though it was obviously impossible for him to foresee the enemy's movements with absolute exactitude. Admiral Sampson from the first to last did his work in a manner that commands British admiration, displaying coolness and judgment both in council and in action, and adopting dispositions which were excellent for the object in view. Blame for the mistakes at the outset—in not closely watching Cervera's fleet—cannot be laid at his door."

## *"SPIRITUAL POWER" AND HONESTY.*

More than two million and a half communicants of the Methodist Episcopal Church during the past week, in theory at least, have been fasting and praying, their prayers going up for that return to "spiritual power" which their bishops, who recently summoned them to these acts, say has departed from their religious organization. In support of this contention, the bishops point to the fact that, notwithstanding the financial prosperity of the communicants and the churches, and the rapid growth of Methodist missions, both abroad and at home, the list of converts in the home churches is waning, and the latest statistics show not only a relative, but an absolute decrease in the membership of the denomination.

The minor reasons for this startling state of affairs in a denomination hitherto distinguished preëminently for zeal in evangelization, as they are assigned by the bishops, are the alienation from the church of the wage-earners, the disintegrating influence of Christian Science and similar "vagaries," the frivolous character of the books and papers read by the young, the passion for amusement for amusement's sake, the irreverence for sacred things, and the baneful influence of the Higher Criticism. But the major reason is the waning of "spiritual power," the decline of the camp-meeting and the revival, and of the old Wesleyan ideals and methods.

The denominational press has, in the main, accepted the accuracy of both the diagnosis and the prescription. But there has been one notable exception, one discordant note, one intimation that possibly the trouble with the denomination is ethical rather than "spiritual." This note of dissent comes from *Zion's Herald*, a non-official journal, whose former editors have been men of independence, notably when Gilbert Haven edited it, and whose present editor, Dr. Parkhurst, is only a trifle less bold than the New York clergyman of the same name. This free-lance has boldly declared that what is paralyzing the denomination is not any one or all of the things named by the bishops, but the fact that "our bishops, book agents, general secretaries, editors, and other representative leaders in the church do not carry the fragrance of holy living to the people, and no longer attest by personal example that they are more anxious for the salvation of the multitude than for anything else." The plain-spoken editor proceeded to say that, "if we are to get right before the Lord, and not be guilty longer of hypocrisy and unrighteousness, the church must be purged at its fountain-head. Unholy ambition, business dishonesty, impure thinking and speaking, must be put away." He then denounced unsparingly the political scheming within the denomination, which is especially marked now that a General Conference is approaching.

Bolder charges than these against spiritual leaders have rarely been framed. They will surprise many people, but certain recent happenings in the church show that they are well founded. The Secretary of the Epworth League, the organization which represents the young people of the denomination, was found not long ago to be drawing revenue from the sale of song-books, the trade in which was promoted by his endorsement as an official of the League. So far from realizing any infelicity—not to say obliquity—in his course, he resisted vigorously the efforts of the more sensitive members of the League to bring about his removal. Moreover, at first a majority of the Board of Control were disposed to shield him, this body including a bishop. He was finally forced out of his place, the pressure being too strong for the "machine" to resist. But the incident revealed clearly that to many in high places in the denomination it did not seem at all questionable for a salaried official of a Christian organization to use his influence as such an official to put revenue in his pocket as an individual. Open charges have been made that church officials travel on passes and charge the church treasury for mileage expenses. When challenged as to their right to do this, they have made precisely the same defence that a Tammany official would.

There was a similar revelation of insensibility to ethical distinctions about a year ago, when the long-disputed claim of the Southern Methodist Episcopal Church for damage done to the property of the denominational Book Concern during the civil war was finally disposed of by Congress. It was then shown that not only had the present Book Agents of the denomination pledged an excessive proportion of the claim to the lawyer-lobbyist who had worked the claim through Congress, but also that they had equivocated—to put it mildly—with respect to this fact when questioned about it while the claim was pending in the Senate. Their reply was negatively, if not positively, untruthful. The Senate, taking them and their message at their face value, passed favorably on the claim, only to learn later that it had been deceived. But these men are still agents of the church. A few of the conferences and one of the minor denominational journals demanded that they be removed and the church purged. But their official friends rallied successfully to their defence.

Such developments as these show how complete is often the divorce between religion, in the conventional sense of the word, and every-day honesty. There is something wrong with the Methodist Church, as the bishops say, but the trouble goes deeper than they see, and the cure demands more radical remedies. "Spiritual power," in the common acceptance of the term, as synonymous with a revival of the camp-meeting among the masses, will never meet the case so long as the leaders condone a low moral tone in the transaction of business, and whitewash prominent men who have been exposed in dishonesty. This is a lesson, too, which other denominations than the Methodist need keep in mind, if they would comprehend the attitude of the modern world toward the church.

## CHARLES ALBERT—LEGEND AND HISTORY.

FLORENCE, March 14, 1900.

"Accursed, O Carignano, goes thy name to the ends of the earth; there is no shore so remote that hate, misery, the curse of the fugitive do not there acclaim thee traitor." Such was Berchet's poetic epitome of the legend. Giusti, in his satirical poem, "The Coronation" (of the Emperor of Austria), among the gathered sovereign satellites notes "First to soil his knees the Savoyard, yellow with remorse; he who atoned for his brief folly by glory gained at Trocadero. Carbonari, this is your *Duce* who led you to the scaffold and to the Spielberg. Most royally he now keeps his oath [of 1821]." Historians, also, save the laureate courtiers, gravely narrated how the young prince of Carignano, the heir apparent to the throne of Sardinia, a Carbonaro, had joined the Liberals of Piedmont in conspiring to wring a constitution from the King and then to proclaim war against Austria. Santorre Santarosa, the head of the military revolution, war minister during Charles Albert's brief regency, fugitive and exile after the defeat, martyr for Grecian liberty (May 9, 1825), in his brief sketch of the 'History of the Piedmontese Revolution,' narrates that the young prince "had informed the Marquis Carlo di San Marzano of his knowledge of plans for liberating Italy from the Austrian yoke, his ardent desire to share in her redemption. On the 5th of March Marzano, Santarosa, Collegno, Lisio, and a 'fifth person' had a private interview with the Prince in his library, revealed their plans, to which Charles Albert gave his entire consent, and I [Santarosa] grasped his hand with the

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frankness of a free citizen." The entire narration of the events that followed is veracious as far as Santarosa could speak from his own knowledge; his appreciation of their immediate causes must be qualified by other facts that have come to light during the last eighty years, though many are still hidden in royal archives closed to eyes profane.

The revolutionists demanded a constitution. Victor Emanuel abdicated, naming Charles Albert Regent in the absence of Charles Felix, his brother, then at Modena. The Regent, on the 14th of March, 1821, took a solemn oath to maintain the constitution granted by himself, but Santarosa ignores the added proviso *that it receive the approbation of King Charles Felix*. He briefly narrates the departure of the Regent clandestinely by night (March 21-22) after making him (Santarosa) Minister of War, and naming other ministers, and giving them an appointment on the following day for a cabinet council.

"The Prince of Carignano did not place himself at the head of the reactionary party. Why not? Why not carry his treachery to its bitter end? Why not dissipate all traces of plans formed with his consent, carried out by his orders? . . . The pusillanimous and wretched Prince could not make up his mind to take the only step that could save him [*i. e.*, return with Della Torre and the faithful regiments to crush the revolution in Turin]. He passed the Ticino—that river which he had so often sworn to cross at the head of a liberating army—as a fugitive, threw himself at the feet of an Austrian governor, Count Bubna, who, a master of sarcasm, presented him to his officers, saying: 'Behold the King of Italy.'"

Santarosa's is the germ of the historical legend which passed for truth from generation to generation, all good Liberals receiving it as gospel even in 1848, when Berchet suppressed his "Esecrato o Carignano." Hence, after the capitulation of Milan in July, 1848, the cession was also attributed to treachery; and when, on Novara's fatal battle-field, Charles Albert abdicated, his crown passed to Victor Emanuel with its legendary stain. Until 1884, no doubts ever crossed my mind as to the truth of the accusation. Then, while I was writing the Life of Joseph Mazzini, Cesare Cantù, Custodian of the Archives of Milan, graciously placed at my disposal his own index to private documents and a chair in his own study. Among the documents I found the following dispatches:

Buffalora, March 30, 1821. "No. 57. To the Aulic Councillor of Police in Milan. At 10:30 P. M. yesterday Prince Carignano left Novara, arriving at this frontier of Buffalora shortly after midday under the name of Conte di Barges. At Novara, he started in a carriage from the house of the general-in-chief, Della Torre, and was rejoined, outside the city, by three carbineers who escorted him to the frontier." (The agent, who gives many other details, signs De Vallata.)

Report of Strassoldo, Aulic Councillor of Police in Milan, to Prince Metternich, March 30, 1821. "Expédié le 31 à 6 heures du soir, S. A. Sérénissime Mr. le prince de Carignan a passé de matin *sans s'arrêter par Milan*, se rendant à Modène."

That "without halting at Milan" at once dispelled the legend that he had thrown himself at the feet of Count Bubna and suffered the insulting sarcasm. Other dates and documents proved that he was not present at the coronation of Francis IV., Emperor of Austria. Later, when the writings of Gino Capponi were published, his reminiscences of Carlo Alberto seemed to come as a psychological revelation of the unhappy Prince's nature and environment.

"In the autumn of 1817, the Prince of Carignano came to Florence to celebrate his nuptials with the daughter of the Grand-Duke. It fell to my lot to accompany him, and, as we were both young, we became very intimate. We talked of Italy, and of driving out the Austrians, he brandishing his sword; and so excessive was his hatred of Austria that he felt by no means drawn towards the young bride assigned to him without a choice, instead of another (I forget whether a Saxon or a Bavarian), whom he would have preferred. . . .

"At the close of the following year he welcomed me most cordially in Turin and introduced me to all the notables of the kingdom, indulging in sharp irony concerning most of them; and when meeting any of them at dinner he delighted in drawing them out so that I might see the truthfulness of his portraits. Though he found the rigid etiquette of the court and the pedantic gravity of the bewigged Piedmontese most wearisome, in his own house and especially with his wife his manners were cold and austere."

On the birth of Victor Emanuel, the Prince wrote to the Marquis, then in Paris, under date of Turin, April 5, 1820: "The birth of my son is that of a truly Italian prince, but in attachment to our beautiful fatherland he will not, assuredly, surpass me." And later, when Capponi had given a letter of introduction to Count Confaloniere, September 2, 1820:

"Let us hope that better times are dawning for our poor country. Count Confaloniere has not arrived in Turin, so I cannot make his personal acquaintance, but I hastened to assure him of the high esteem in which I hold all who, like himself, are concerned for the well-being of their country, which I seek to promote here as far as I can, never ceasing to hope that time will enable me to work for the end we aim at. Here the schools [which Charles Albert had opened for his regiments] go on well, despite the attempts to thwart them made by many. They are established in several regiments, and I intend to open others in one or two of the artillery corps, as the King has charged me with the reorganization of this department, gone to utter ruin. I am sorry that I cannot by letter say all that I think, but my sentiments are, I trust, well known. I end by assuring you anew of the vivid friendship which is felt for you by your affectionate C. A."

"After the failure of the revolution of March [1821]," continues Capponi, "Carignano came to Florence and asked for me. I found him miserable and morally prostrate; he talked of going to Russia as a soldier. I told him that such a decision did not seem to me a wise one; that appearances and public opinion were in truth against him; that in his case one could not do as one would, and that I should be glad to be able to absolve him from all accusations. He gave me a very long account of events in order to justify his conduct, and the substance was this: that it was impossible to carry the movement to success, as the materials were insufficient, and that he had to withdraw as best he could; that he had been assured that a large portion of the army was with him, whereas the few soldiers who had been paid 5 francs per head to cry 'Viva la Costituzione,' on the following day turned against and fired at him. This was true, and it is also true that the revolution was made against his advice, that when the chiefs warned him that they intended to act on the morrow, Cesare Balbo,* whose advice he asked, bid him act as military obedience and loyalty to the King dictated.

"This apology did not satisfy me, and, as soon as he ended, I left him without saying a single word. Later, the rumor that he had communicated letters written to him by myself and others obtained general credence; his demeanor was neither frank nor dignified, and certain sanctimonious airs that he now assumed, and that were not believed sincere, only strengthened the accusations. I, therefore, ceased to hold any communication with him. I did not answer the words which on meeting he addressed to me; nay, I went so far as to cut him dead. So things went on till the last days of his exile [in Tuscany], when a Piedmontese lady who came to Florence assured me that Charles Albert was not, after all, so blameworthy, and that it was not for the good of Italy that he should be thus humiliated and alienated; that in Turin the best patriots held him dear, fearing to see him replaced by the Duke of Modena. In short, she insisted on our reconciliation, which happened thus wise. At a ball in the Borghese Palace, this lady taking my arm, we met the Prince of Carignano in a quiet room as had been arranged. He came to pay his respects to the lady, and a few words passed between us. I took the hand that he offered me; we soon separated, and this was the last time that I saw Charles Albert."

*Cesare Balbo was the "fifth person" in the library, whom Santarosa disdains to name.

How this laconic narrative brings home to one the gall and bitterness with which Charles Albert's soul was drenched before he flung himself into the hands of the legitimist party and went to win his spurs at Trocadero! Yet what was his crime? He hated Austria, he believed in the conspirators, he joined in their demands for a constitution—was not, assuredly, prepared for the King's abdication. As Regent he granted that constitution "salvo l'approvazione del re legittimo, Carlo Felice." That King flashed his refusal from Modena, and his orders for the Regent to repair thither at once. He might have headed the revolutionists, who certainly were not prepared and who made no real stand even against the royal troops, so that all was over before the Austrians came to their rescue. Or he might, as Santarosa suggested, have marched back from Novara to crush the revolution. He did neither, and the consequence of "being neither cold nor hot" fell on him with a vengeance. But neither did he betray a single accomplice, nor hand over a single letter addressed to him, as is proved by the fact that the Austrian authorities never dreamed, till a year later, that the Piedmontese revolutionists had hundreds of accomplices in Lombardy-Venice. The conspiracy was discovered by pure accident, and Metternich exhausted his efforts to find proof of the complicity of Confaloniere and Charles Albert. He betrayed no one, but sealed up in his embittered soul the vow to fight against Austria, and never more to hold converse with conspirators and revolutionists.

We are writing of the Prince, not of the King, who, egged on by Jesuits and reactionaries to believe that his throne was undermined, his idol (the army) corrupted and disloyal, wrote in 1833 the bloodiest page of history that defaces the annals of the House of Savoy; who, in 1848, might have won and worn the Italian crown but for his utter, maniacal distrust of all popular or revolutionary methods even after the unarmed populace had ousted the Austrians from Milan, Venice, and the whole of Lombardy with the exception of the four fortresses. In 1849, he could not have won the day. His army *was* then undermined by the Austro-Jesuit party, depressed by defeat and by the certainty that Austria must conquer. Nor even then would Charles Albert admit of or abet a revolutionary army in the rear or on the flank of the common foe. Garibaldi had been rejected and despised, the brave Lombard legions disbanded, save Manara's, which found Rome to die in, and he must forsooth

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choose for generals a Krzanowsky and a Ramorino—the traitor of the Savoy expedition for his only title of merit. No! Victory was impossible, but death he sought, sought on the battle-field. Even there fortune denied the spectral boon, dooming him to die in exile, to share the fate of the thousands he had so doomed, haunted by the spectres of the twelve Apostles of young Italy shot to death for no crime save their love for her.

Tragic as no other kingly tragedy this life and death of Carlo Alberto. His spare, melancholy, half-monkish, half-Quixotic figure on horseback now looks from the Quirinal Square on Rome. Ten years ago, Carducci, the poet who never sacrifices historical truth to political partisanship or to personal predilection, Carducci, the well beloved, whose voice, silent for a while, Italy longs and hopes to hear once more and speedily ring out, paid a touching tribute to the King who loved Italy and hated Austria, in the ode "Piedmont," dated Ceserole Reale, July 27, the anniversary of Charles Albert's death in 1849.

"Italia, Italia!—E il popolo de' morti
Surse cantando a chiedere la guerra;
E un re a la morte nel pallor del viso
Sacro e nel cuore

Trasse la spada. Oh anno de' portenti,
Oh primavera de la patria, oh giorni,
Ultimi giorni del fiorente maggio,
Oh trionfante

Suon de la prima italica vittoria
Che mi percosse il cuor fanciullo! Ond'io,
Vate d'Italia a la stagion più bella,
In grige chiome

Oggi ti canto, o re de' miei verd' anni,
Re per tant' anni bestemmiato e pianto,
Che via passasti con la spada in pugno
Ed il cilicio

Al cristian petto, italo Amleto."

. . . . . .

J. W. M.

## ELIZA BONAPARTE.

PARIS, March 22, 1900.

The Bonaparte literature is getting richer every day; new documents are everywhere sought for, published, and read with eagerness. I notice to-day a volume published by M. Rodocanachi, on Eliza Bonaparte, one of the three sisters of Napoleon, and most resembling her brother. She had his Corsican features and hard look, and lacked the delicate beauty of Pauline. She was also very masculine in character, and very autocratic.

Eliza was married on May 1, 1797, to Félix Baciocchi, an officer of the French army. He was very fond of playing the violin and of parading in a fine uniform. His advancement had been slow. He entered the service in 1777 at the age of sixteen; he became a captain only in April, 1793. He was better fitted for sedentary work than for anything else—inspecting the troops, holding reviews, keeping accounts. He was noted as being a very ordinary officer. When he married Eliza Bonaparte, she could not make any great pretensions: she had no fortune, she had been jilted by a soap merchant of Nice named Rubasoin; Admiral Truguet had thought of her for a moment, but had not asked for her hand. She accepted Baciocchi, though he was fifteen years older than herself (he was born in 1762, she in 1777), and though her brother Bonaparte had no opinion of Baciocchi as an officer, and judged him incapable of rising high in the ranks of the army.

M. Rodocanachi's volume deals chiefly with Eliza when she became Princess of Lucca and Piombino. The manuscript documents which he uses are the archives of Lucca, Florence, and Rome, those of the Foreign Office in Paris, and of Tuscany. It was on the 18th of March, 1805, that the Emperor Napoleon informed the French Senate that the Principality of Piombino, situated in Tuscany, separated from the other French possessions and declared territory of the Empire, was to be subjected to a peculiar régime, in consequence of which he gave this principality, "under the high dominion of France," to his sister Eliza, and conferred on her husband the title of Prince of the Empire. The Principality had only 120,000 inhabitants. The great families which inhabited it, of Florentine, Lombard, or Roman origin, lived in their palaces lazily, with that outward luxury which pleases the southern races, and which often covers real poverty. Eliza immediately composed for herself a court, with chamberlains and pages. Girolamo Lucchesini, the head of an old family of Lucca, was named high chamberlain.

If the dignitaries were Italians, the functionaries were all French. The sleepy little city of Lucca became very animated under the rule of the woman who liked to be called the Semiramis of Italy. Her husband played a very secondary part, not interfering in any way with the decisions of his wife, nor with her caprices. Eliza was always, rightly or wrongly, accused of very light conduct. In 'Memoirs of the Empress Josephine,' Mlle. Avrillon says: "She [Eliza] had the reputation of being very *galante*. But her husband bore it all, and looked for consolations on his own side." We must remember, however, that Mlle. Avrillon was a mere *femme de chambre* of the Empress, and that Josephine was at drawn daggers with all the sisters of Napoleon. The great favorite at Lucca was Cessami; Eliza made him her first equerry, gave him the direction of public instruction, heaped decorations on him, and settled on him a pension of forty thousand francs, from a fund derived from the sale of the lands of the religious corporations which had been secularized. Eliza's civil list was too small for all her expenses, and she naturally complained of it to her brother, who promised her, in a letter written on March 13, 1808, to give her in Tuscany an estate yielding a revenue of 200,000 to 300,000 francs. He informed her, also, that he had bought a house which Eliza had in Paris for 800,000 francs, which, at the prevailing rate of the funds, would give her another 50,000 francs. Eliza was not ungrateful, and she had plans made for a great monument to adorn the square which she had created before the palace, with the name of Piazza Napoleon. The statue of the Emperor was to have on its base four rivers, the Nile, the Po, the Danube, the Vistula, and bas-reliefs representing the victories of Abukir, Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, etc.

Eliza was a very laborious and, on the whole, very intelligent ruler. She presided over the council of ministers, saw to every detail of the administration, felt an immense satisfaction in being a real sovereign, even in a minuscular principality.

"Mon verre n'est pas grand, mais je bois dans mon verre,"

said Musset. She wrote to her brother Lucien: "I don't find here the pleasures of intimacy; but, in my position, I feel that I must live for glory and give little to private affection." We see her busy with mines, with fisheries, with forests, with roads; she even organizes a little army. She soon became very popular. Napoleon was satisfied with her, and in 1806 he annexed to her principality the territory of Massa and Carrara, the site of the famous marble quarries. Eliza employed the first blocks of white marble extracted from them in the fabrication of busts of the Emperor, after a plaster model by Canova, which were sent by her as presents to Talleyrand, Duroc, Regnaud de St. Jean-d'Angély, Clarke, and many other high dignitaries and functionaries of the Empire. (In a report of January 12, 1809, we see that as many as twelve thousand of these busts had been made and sent from Carrara.) She employed some young Italian sculptors, among others Bartolini, in making statues of the Emperor and of all the members of the imperial family. "I have converted my quarries at Carrara," she writes to the Emperor, "into sculptors' studios; the models of Chaudet and Canova are multiplied under my eyes, and are sent to the kings whom your Majesty has made, and to the nations which owe their happiness to you. These monuments of gratitude raised in honor of immortal genius are the thoughts of my heart." Singular language from a sister to her brother; but, brothers and sisters, the Napoleonids thought themselves members of a new Olympus—they had ceased to be human.

Eliza naturally founded an Academy, the Academy Napoleon, and chose as correspondents the famous Monge, Laplace, Cardinal Maury, Sismondi. The first difficulties she met with arose from the religious question. When she arrived in Lucca, she found there more than fifty convents and churches; the religious authority was independent of the civil. On July 4, 1806, Eliza was authorized to extend to her states the application of the "concordat established between the French Government and his Holiness Pius VII." Article xii. of the decree proclaimed that all the lands belonging to the curés should be added to the domain and sold as national property; the next article provided that the estates of the religious communities should be provisionally kept and administered by the state. These communities were numerous, and their revenues amounted to more than 601,000 francs. They gradually disappeared. Eliza seems to have been very decided in the war she was making on the Church party; she ceased to appear in person at the popular festivities given on saints' days; she closed more than sixty churches and oratories; she transferred many religious ornaments to the palace of Piombino. She wrote on May 17, 1808, to Napoleon: "All the monks are secularized; these enemies of the Government and leeches of the people are pensioned, satisfied, and returned to their families. The most fanatical people of Italy are now the most enlightened."

This was only partially true; Eliza made herself unpopular with many of her subjects, and felt a desire to exchange her little principality for a larger one. The Queen Regent of Etruria, Maria Louisa, had incurred the displeasure of Napoleon, who resolved to add Tuscany to the kingdom of Italy. Ten thousand men under Reille entered Florence by one gate, while Maria Louisa left by another (November 11, 1807). After an interregnum, Napoleon, on March

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3, 1809, conferred on Eliza, Princess of Lucca and Piombino, the government of the departments of Tuscany, with the title of Grand Duchess. Napoleon had already put the imperial constitution in force in Tuscany; he had created there Senators and electoral colleges for the nomination of Deputies. Eliza was to be in Tuscany only the living representative of the will of her brother. As for her husband, there was not even a mention of him in the reorganization of Tuscany.

Eliza was now at the head of the administration of one of the finest provinces in Italy. She made great efforts to show herself worthy of this new post, but she was not as fortunate as she had been in Lucca. When she showed herself for the first time, her yellow complexion, her black hair, her imperious and somewhat masculine aspect made no little impression on the Tuscans; but she did not become popular. She found herself at once in conflict with the French authorities; she wished to be a queen, and she was in reality a mere prefect. The upper Florentine society maintained a hostile reserve towards her; she humiliated without reason the Countess of Albany, who held a high position in that society, and finally exiled her. Her financial difficulties were constant. When she heard in Florence the news of the disasters of the Russian campaign of Napoleon, she began to be alarmed about her sovereignty; a certain agitation arose in the Tuscan departments, especially at Leghorn, where the English had much influence. When the Austrians came to Bologna, she took measures to put Florence in a state of defence. She wrote to Napoleon that if the enemy occupied Florence, she would retire by way of Piombino to the island of Elba. Murat was advancing from the south; his troops entered Florence, and Eliza was obliged to fly. Murat hoped to add Tuscany to his kingdom of the two Sicilies, and to become later King of Italy. His hopes were disappointed, and he could not prevent the restoration of the Archduke Ferdinand. As for Eliza, she took refuge at Bologna, where she was apparently free; in reality, a prisoner of Austria. When Napoleon left for Saint Helena, she established herself at Trieste. She asked permission of the Emperor of Austria to go back to France, which was refused. She died at Trieste, on August 7, 1820, in the Villa Vicentino, from the same malady of which her illustrious brother became a victim a year afterwards at St. Helena.

# Correspondence.

## BOOK-PLATE THIEVERY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: For the purpose of warning collectors of book-plates who may have Harvard plates offered them, will you allow me to call attention to the depredations to which the Harvard library has lately been subject—a misfortune which I should otherwise prefer to have remain unknown? During the month of January or February some one who has had access to the book-stack has cut from a large number of the older books the front covers on which the book-plate is pasted, leaving the volumes on the shelves, to all appearance unmutilated unless removed from their places.

The book-plates which particularly excite the interest of collectors are those which were placed in the volumes given by John Hancock, Thomas Hollis, the Province of New Hampshire, and other generous donors just after the destruction of the library by fire in 1764. For these gifts Nathaniel Hurd, the earliest book-plate engraver in America, engraved three plates which are excellent examples of the art. All of these plates were altered over from time to time to suit the requirements of later bequests and gifts, so that a number of different varieties have been in use.

In 1823 a new plate, closely following the old, was cut by Bowen, and about 1840 another of an entirely different design was drawn by Billings and engraved by G. G. Smith. All of these are naturally prized by collectors, especially the earlier ones, which very seldom leave the possession of the library in any legitimate way. A large number of these have, however, recently passed through the hands of a Canadian doctor in Boston, well known to collectors, who has been arrested, and whose case will come before the Grand Jury in June. From several collectors who have innocently bought from this person, I have received back sixty of the stolen plates, and I gladly bear witness to the honorable promptness with which these have been returned to me, and to the indignation which has been expressed in regard to the theft. Others I expect to recover, but there are still a considerable number to which I have as yet no clue, and it is in regard to these that I beg to warn collectors in case they should be offered, and to ask coöperation in securing their recovery.—Very truly yours,

William C. Lane, Librarian.

Harvard University, March 27, 1900.

## THE COTTON PROSPECT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Preparations for planting the cotton crop of 1900-1901 are under way. The future was never more cheerful for the Southern farmer. He has just finished marketing one of the most profitable crops ever grown, and has plenty of hog and hominy to make another very cheap crop. The large surplus of cotton usually carried over is wiped out, and the world's consumption is apace with the South's bumper cotton crop. So a fair price is assured, even with a large crop. As a matter of fact, the outlook is for very high prices next season. The promise for the cotton yield of the rest of the world is very gloomy. The Egyptian crop, owing to the extraordinary lowness of the Nile, will be small, thus insuring to the South the old-time premium on staple cotton.

The wonderful prosperity of the industrial South will limit the size of the next crop. The mines, mills, and timber concerns have absorbed an enormous amount of labor. Negro men, attracted by the good wages and the proximity of towns, have left the plantations in large numbers. The scarcity of farm labor is beginning to be a very serious question. Again, $20 seed, as compared to $5 seed, has tempted many of the improvident to dispose of their planting-seed, and take the chance of getting it back at planting-time. The oil mills are looked to for this supply. This year, however, there is hardly an oil mill that has not contracted for even more product than it can supply; hence they cannot be relied on for planting-seed. Should the planting period be bad and wet, and replanting necessary, the condition will become critical. The season so far has been damp, and farm work is much behind.

In short, the prospects are not for a bumper crop, but for a moderate crop, which is vastly more profitable.

W. Collier Estes.

Memphis, Tenn., March 23, 1900.

## FELLOWSHIPS FOR WOMEN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have just read with pleasure Mrs. Franklin's communication to the *Nation* on "Fellowships for Women." More than twenty-five years ago, before I had ever gone north of Mason and Dixon's line, and hence amid influences all the other way, I reached a very definite opinion as to the justice and wisdom of giving every encouragement to young women, whether by coeducation or otherwise, to secure all the higher culture that men are encouraged to attain. The fact that sex pervades mind is no ground for maintaining any arbitrary distinction about opportunity, whatever may have been the dictum of our grandfathers. Subsequent experience during this quarter of a century has greatly strengthened the conclusion of early manhood—experience in teaching young women, young men alone, and sometimes the two sexes together. When I published my article on 'University Education for Women' in the January number of the *North American Review* in 1883, the object being to open the doors of Columbia College to them, some of my friends thought the effort quixotic. Step by step since that day progress has been made, until within the last few months Barnard College has been formally recognized as a part of Columbia University.

Those of us who believe in fair play without distinction on account of sex have had much cause for gratification in noting the increasing disposition to recognize what women can do and have done. The majority, of course, will not want higher education, but this makes no difference about the rights of the minority. Fifty years hence, I am confident, no institution of higher education in America will make distinctions on account of sex any more than such distinctions are made about church membership, or attendance at the theatre, or admission to the theatrical profession, where Ristori and Terry have shared honors with Booth and Irving.—Very truly yours,

W. LeConte Stevens.

Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va., March 17, 1900.

## A BETTER POSTAL CARD.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Can any one explain to me why this splendid big nation, which gives itself every conceivable form of luxury, cannot manage to provide for its inhabitants a white postal-card? In England a lady or a gentleman can write a short note on a post-card and not feel that one has done anything derogatory to one's dignity; but here one must make use of an unpleasant yellow thing, of inartistic proportions, and decorated at present with a hideous blear-eyed picture said to represent Jefferson, or else go through the fatiguing and expensive work of writing a note, putting it into an envelope, and affixing to it a two-cent stamp.

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Last year, being a public-spirited person, I wrote myself to the Postmaster-General and begged him to provide a white and tidy card, even if it had to cost two cents; he replied that it was impossible at that time, but that it should be done another year. Another year has come, and there is still nothing of the sort to be seen. Now what I wish to know is this: Why should a luxurious nation think it worth while to practise this particular form of penury? L.

## TWO LAPSES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your kindly notice of 'Ricardo's Letters to Trower,' in your issue of March 8, you describe me as Secretary of the Civil-Service Commission, instead of Senior Examiner. The Secretary is Mr. J. S. Lockhart, brother of the late Gen. Sir William Lockhart.—Believe me, sir, yours sincerely,

James Bonar.

Savile Club, London, March 19, 1900.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: On your recent page 148 I notice that my friend Mr. E. A. Fitzgerald is called an American, and I am contrasted with him as a member of the Alpine Club. We are both Englishmen alike, and both members of the Alpine Club.—Yours very truly,

Martin Conway.

The Athenæum, London, March 19, 1900.

## "SUN."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your correspondent who asks for an explanation of the word "sun" in 'Tom Jones,' book viii., chap. 5, has, I think, been misled by finding the word spelled with a small letter. In my own edition of Fielding, 'Edinburgh, 1818,' the word is spelled "Sun." Spelled thus, it plainly indicates the name of a particular room in the tavern, and is to be explained by the fashion of thus designating the different rooms of an inn. Compare, for instance, First Part of "Henry IV.," act ii. scene iv., "Score a pint of bastard in the *Half-moon*"; and again, a few lines farther on, "Look down into the *Pomgarnet*, Ralph." An eighteenth-century reference to the custom will be found in "She Stoops to Conquer," act iii.: "Attend the *Lion* there; pipes and tobacco for the *Angel*; the *Lamb* has been outrageous this half-hour." Clarence D. Wood.

Brown University, March 31, 1900.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Without claiming an especial interest in semasiology—indeed, without having recently looked that term up in the dictionary—I venture to send a few quotations which may suggest to your correspondent a not improbable explanation of Tom Jones's *Sun*, and acquit lexicographers of a conspiracy of silence:

"So Boots goes up stairs to the *Angel*, and there he finds Master Harry, on an e-normous sofa," etc.—Dickens, *The Holly Tree*.

"'I shall not go to bed till night; but I want a bedroom, and a barber.'

"'And then breakfast, sir? Yes, sir. That way, sir, if you please. Show *Concord!* . . . Fetch barber to *Concord*.'

"The Concord bedchamber being always assigned to a passenger by the mail," *etc.*—Dickens, *A Tale of Two Cities*, chap. iv.

Other examples could easily be cited, beginning with Shakspere ("I. Henry IV.," ii., 4). W. H. T.

Cambridge, Mass., March 29, 1900.

## ONE USE OF THE NEUTER PRONOUN IN GERMAN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The letter, in this week's *Nation*, on the use of "He, She, and It," calls to my mind an expression that I recently heard used by a member of a German communistic society, with the dialect of which I am more or less familiar. The sentence in question is as follows: "Dann kann jedermann sehen was es gekauft hat," in which *jedermann* is the regular indefinite pronoun for "everybody" or "each one," but commonly treated as masculine, and *es* is the neuter pronoun referring to it. At the time, it seemed to me that this German had solved the difficulty, for *jedermann* could refer either to a man or to a woman; and as it would have been awkward to say *er oder sie* (he or she), or, under the circumstances, to choose one of these words, he simply said *es* (it).

The use of the neuter for an indefinite person is much more extensive in German than the note of C. L. F. implies. The neuter pronouns *das, alles, keines*, etc., are commonly and regularly employed with reference to a person whose sex is not indicated and in general or collective statements. Any number of examples could be picked up at random, as, "Alles verliess, alles verachtete sie hierauf," and "Keines muss das Andere weder glücklicher noch unglücklicher machen," in Lessing's "Minna von Barnhelm"; "Nun sag' mir eins, man soll kein Wunder glauben," in Goethe's "Faust"; and, to go back to Middle High German, "Im enkunde niht gevolgen wan Kriemhilde man," in the 'Nibelungenlied.'

Charles Bundy Wilson.

University of Iowa, Iowa City, March 31, 1900.

# Notes.

The American Dialect Society solicits subscriptions to a reissue of volume i. of *Dialect Notes* (1889-1896), rich in dialect data, and with an index referring to some 3,000 words and expressions. The edition can hardly exceed the number of subscribers, and is likely to be final. The price ($4.00) is a reduction of one-half. Subscriptions may be sent to Prof. R. W. Deering, Western Reserve University, Cleveland, O. The next number of *Dialect Notes*, by the way, will include a Dictionary of College Words and Phrases, assigned as far as possible to the institutions at which they are in vogue. Subscriptions for this should be addressed to Prof. O. F. Emerson, as above.

M. S. Mansfield, No. 14 West Twenty-second Street, has in preparation a reprint of Lieut. William Bligh's 'Narrative of the Mutiny on Board His Majesty's Ship *Bounty*' (1790), and an illustrated edition of Tennyson's 'In Memoriam,' royal octavo, with rubricated initials by Blanche McManus, and a portrait of Arthur Henry Hallam.

'The Interpretation of Literature,' by Prof. W. H. Crawford, is soon to be published by Macmillan Co.

All good things in threes, as the German proverb has it; but in twos, according to the Clarendon Press (New York: Henry Frowde). We lately noticed the greater and the lesser Molière issued by this Press, and now we have two Miltons, equally from one text, but the pocket edition has the spelling modernized. We dismiss the latter (Oxford miniature) by saying that its 1,082 pages are on that thin but opaque paper which permits such marvels of compression as the Press has revelled in. The major and truly elegant edition—whose price is nevertheless remarkably low—has been cared for by the Rev. H. C. Beeching, who has restored the text of the several first editions of Milton's poems with Chinese fidelity, yet with a certain necessary deviation in the case of errata and otherwise. The punctuation has been adhered to, as well as the spelling, and for both the editor furnishes a plausible excuse, as throwing light on the poet's meaning. Very curious is the discussion of the reason for occasional doubling of the vowel in *me*, etc., the occasional spelling *thir*, etc. Mr. Beeching hints that he obeyed his publisher's request rather than his own instinct in undertaking all this labor, which has consumed a year of his life. The result must meet, however, with general approbation. The volume is adorned with facsimiles of Milton's MS. and of the several title-pages of the original issues. The print is beautiful.

We have several times called attention to the excellent "Tudor Translations" edited by Mr. W. E. Henley, and sumptuously published by David Nutt, London. The latest issue but one, Sir Thomas Hoby's version of Castiglione's 'Courtier,' in its day the mirror of courtesy, reflecting the Renaissance ideal of the scholar-gentleman, is quite worthy of its predecessors.

G. P. Putnam's Sons bring out a second edition of Berenson's 'Florentine Painters of the Renaissance,' the changes in which, so far as a cursory examination informs us, are confined to a revision and additions to the lists of works at the end.

Mr. James M. Dunlop, A.R.C.A., has given us, in his 'Anatomical Diagrams for the Use of Art Students' (London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan), the best book of the sort we have yet seen. Mr. Dunlop is a teacher of drawing and lecturer on artistic anatomy at the Glasgow School of Art, and his experience has taught him the kind and amount of information that is needed by the art student, while his manner of presentation is very clear. The diagrammatic nature of his plates renders them much more readily comprehensible than the usual detailed drawings of elaborate text-books, and brings them also more within the reach of the student of limited means. There is practically no text, separate from the drawings; the necessary amount of explanation being appended, in brief form, to the plates themselves. We can heartily recommend the book to schools of art.

The "Great Masters Series" (London: Bell; New York: Macmillan) again deals with an artist of the first rank in Selwyn Brinton's 'Correggio,' and does it well. Mr. Brinton is in full sympathy with that joyous pagan whose family name, Allegri, was a prophecy, yet he remains sufficiently cool and critical. One fault we have to find. It may, perhaps, have been necessary to take some of the illustrations from Toschi's "clear, finished water-colors rather than the hopelessly faded and damaged originals,"

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but surely we should have been told which are so taken. Toschi's sugared reproductions have done much harm to Correggio's reputation, and give his works a sickly sweet flavor that is not native. It is only by internal evidence that we are here permitted to separate the original from the copy; but let any one compare the "Group of Apostles" opposite p. 80, where the cracks in the plaster assure us of a direct reproduction, with the similar group opposite p. 74, which has none of these marks, and he will be able to feel the difference between a great artist's work and a feeble copyist's imitation. This latter plate and those facing pp. 72, 88, 90, 92, and 94 would seem to make up the number of those taken from Toschi. The "Christ in Glory" of the Vatican is given in the list of works as by Correggio, though the plate is labelled "by Caracci," an attribution that seems to us more reasonable. Mr. Brinton agrees with practically all good judges in taking from Correggio the Dresden "Reading Magdalen"—a subtraction that leaves the total sum larger than before.

A photograph of a pleasing young lady in full dress, prefixed to 'With a Palette in Eastern Palaces,' by E. M. Merrick (Scribners), prepares the reader of this ingenuous little book for what he has to expect. The author is an authoress, and a very gay and chatty companion, full of amusing anecdotes of others and still more amusing stories of herself. We rejoice to learn that her book was considered "charming" by Ruskin. We deeply regret that the women of the Zenana of the Maharajah of Dholpore put out their tongues at her. We are also duly impressed with the fact that she dined at the mess of the King's Dragoon Guards, and that "an exquisite gold enamelled punch-bowl with twelve cups to match" stood on the table; that Lady Lansdowne looks "regal and lovely"; and that the authoress was "congratulated on all sides" on her brilliant success in painting a portrait of Lord Lansdowne. The bright chapters were composed from "gleanings of letters," and very entertaining letters they must have been. Bits of Egypt and India revolve through the transparent haze of cheerful chatter; and though the central figure is always Miss Merrick, we could not spare her for an instant. In fact, the book would be nothing without her. We recommend it as a study of a gladsome nature, happy with success. It would make a good gift for a hospital.

It is manifestly impossible to produce a manual of English literature which shall give at once a satisfactory historical account of its development and transformations, sufficient biographical notices of authors and critical estimates of their work, with such representative selections as illustrate the criticism, and yet shall not exceed the reasonable bulk of a class-book. Writers of such manuals are forced to decide what and how much they shall leave to be supplied by the instructor or by the student's private reading. From the title of F. V. N. Painter's 'History of English Literature' (Boston: Sibley & Ducker), one would expect the historical aspect to be predominant, but the writer has given most attention to the biographical. The sketches of the lives of eminent men of letters are, for a work of this kind, unusually full, and are attractively illustrated with portraits and views. The critical estimates are judicious, and might have been a little fuller. One awkward slip occurs on p. 52. Gower nowhere makes "the statement that Chaucer was his disciple." If Dr. Painter will turn to the 'Confessio Amantis,' he will find that it is not Gower but Venus that is speaking.

Of the first edition of Col. George B. Davis's valuable 'Elements of International Law' (Harpers) we have heretofore spoken. Its value is now much increased by bringing the subject down to date. One may read here of the Hague Conference, of the Venezuela dispute, the case of the *Maine*, and of the rules as to "Spheres of Influence," balloons, and explosive bullets. For the intelligent general reader it appears to be a particularly good book. In the preface to this edition the author speaks of "the constant and extensive use which has been made of it, by the class for which it was originally intended—the undergraduate students of American colleges and law schools"; and he remarks that "the volume remains, what it was intended to be from the first, a text-book for the use of students." The skill of the writer has made this an interesting as well as a learned and instructive work.

Of the two recently published volumes of the 'Text-Book of the Embryology of Invertebrates,' by Dr. E. Korschelt and Dr. K. Heider, translated from the German by Matilda Bernard and revised and edited with additional notes by Martin F. Woodward (London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.; New York: Macmillan), volume ii., of 375 pages, contains the Phoronidea, Bryozoa ectoprocta, Brachiopoda, Entoprocta, Crustacea, and Palæostraca, and volume iii., of 441 pages, completes the Arachnida, Pentastomidæ, Pantopoda, Tardigrada, Onychophora, Myriopoda, and Insecta. The original arrangement of subjects has been so changed that only the Mollusca, Ascidia, and Cephalochorda remain for the final volume of the work. Both of the present volumes are considerably enlarged by the new matter necessary to bring the subjects up to date. For their treatment of these portions of this important work both translator and editor are much to be commended. Presswork and illustrations are very good.

Sir William and Lady Huggins have published, in a sumptuous folio volume entitled 'Publications of Sir William Huggins's Observatory, Volume I.,' an atlas of representative stellar spectra from λ 4870 to λ 3300. A short history of the observatory, and a list of published papers on the work done there, are followed by a description of the spectroscope used and the methods of taking photographs of stellar spectra. In the chapter devoted to a discussion of the evolutional order of the stars, there is no attempt at any detailed physical explanation of the differences met with in the almost infinitely diversified spectra of the stars, although some of the successive conditions which may very probably accompany the progress of stellar evolution are pointed out. Only a "preliminary" discussion of the spectra on the plates, twelve in number, is given; the authors very modestly professing the main object of their publication to be to place in the hands of those interested in the subject representative spectra of the principal classes of stars through a long range of wave-length, with scales for the approximate position of the stronger lines. The quaint headings and initial letters drawn by Lady Huggins form an attractive feature of the book.

The Report on the Adoption of the Gold Standard in Japan; printed at the Government Press in Tokio, in 1899, forms a handsome bound volume of nearly four hundred pages. The author is Count Matsukata Masayoshi, the Imperial Minister of State for Finance. The English is so good that we imagine the Minister's son, formerly a student at Rutgers College and in Yale University, has had charge either of the translation, or the revision, or both. In addition to vast improvement in the financial situation at home, the Minister declares that, "so far as our trade with gold-standard countries is concerned, our adoption of the gold standard, which made us use the same standard of value as those countries, has proved to be a source of great benefit . . . without a trace of evil." Apart from economical opinions or theories, the work is a notable addition to the literature of the subject and of great value as history. There are illustrations of the modern coinage. The text, arranged in twelve chapters, gives reproductions of the official decuments in the case, with information about the sources of supply of bullion and the general methods of Japanese banking and Government financial methods. The state of affairs which necessitated the coinage reform of 1897, the Chinese indemnity, the creation of the gold reserve, the coinage law of 1897 and the laws and ordinances relating to the carrying into operation of this law, the minting of new coins, prospects of future supply for the gold reserve, the withdrawal from circulation of the one-yen silver coins, the employment of funds in the Government treasury, and the monetary system of Formosa, are all treated of clearly and in detail.

With a German thoroughness in overhauling a standard work, Mr. J. O. Austin of Providence has just issued a third supplement to his invaluable 'Genealogical Dictionary of Rhode Island.' It is a four-page folio, but correction and additions are supplied all along the line from Aldrich to Wright. "Finis," as Mr. Austin justly remarks, "can never be written in genealogical research"; and all who own his Dictionary or prize it for reference will desire that finis may be long postponed for this indefatigable genealogist.

We have already praised Mr. Charles Henry Miltzer's metrical translation of Hauptmann's "The Sunken Bell" (Doubleday & McClure Co.). Now that it is being acted at the Knickerbocker Theatre in this city, the publishers have brought it out anew with a portrait of the dramatist and with photographs of the characters and scenes upon that stage. The book is very pretty and tasteful.

The Boer war literature is not confined to the language of the two contestants. From the house of Liebel, Berlin (New York: Lemcke & Buechner) we receive 'Der Krieg in Süd-Afrika, 1899-1900, und seine Vorgeschichte,' by Lieut. Alfred von Müller. The pamphlet, a first part, has already passed to a second edition. It is about equally divided between the narrative of the causes of the war and the action up to the time of England's expeditionary corps coming upon the scene. Three appendixes show the opposing English and the Boer military organization, and there are three loose folded maps, of which the most detailed is that for the western scene of operations, including Bloemfontein, Kimberley, and Mafeking. The author takes fair ground as to the *way* in which England induced the war and turned the world's sympathy to the Boer side.

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A genuine contemporary artist forms the subject of the latest of Velhagen & Klasing's 'Künstler-Monographien' (New York: Lemcke & Buechner). Max Klinger, born at Leipzig in 1857, is in the prime of manhood. The copious illustrations accompanying Max Schmid's critical account of him afford ample opportunity to judge the variety of his talent as painter, etcher, and sculptor, and of his themes—classical, Scriptural, fantastical, mystical, tragical, humorous. Melodrama, as in the 'In Flagrante'; pathos, as in 'Die Mutter'; Hamlet's father's ghost, and John preaching to three pronounced Jews in the wilderness; the bronze female dancer and marble Salome and Cassandra, all have an individual stamp and manifest a freedom from convention often if not always justified. Klinger's feeling for landscape is noticeable, and his decorative sense generally true.

*Bibliographia Medica* is the title of a new monthly periodical devoted to the bibliography of medical sciences, and founded on the model of the American *Index Medicus*, of which it is announced as the successor. It is published by the Institute of Bibliography at Paris, whose director, Dr. Baudouin, is editor. The first number fills 64 pages, and the subjects are arranged according to the Dewey system of classification. This is perhaps as good as any arbitrary system, but students and practitioners are not likely to be familiar with it, and the usefulness of the new journal would be greatly increased by an alphabetical index of authors and subjects accompanying each number.

A well-written paper by Ellen Strong Bartlett in the *New England Magazine* for March, entitled "The *Amistad* Captives," recalls a well-forgotten chapter in the history of this country and of the anti-slavery struggle. The incidents described are intensely dramatic, and no lapse of time could make them uninteresting. The accompanying illustrations are excellent of their kind, and have never been grouped elsewhere. In the effort to return to bondage the kidnapped company who rose for their freedom in Cuban waters and drifted into those of Long Island and Connecticut, the governments of Spain and the United States acted harmoniously on the side of cruelty and dishonor. But there were still judges among us.

The current Proceedings of the Bostonian Society contain, among other interesting matter, President Curtis Guild's reminiscent address on Boston sixty years ago, and a suggestive paper by Mr. C. W. Ernst on "Words Coined in Boston." As products of the "golden age" of Boston speech, the period which "began with Winthrop and ended when Andros came," he gives *team*, meaning horse and wagon; *corder*, or wood-measurer; *dockage*, and *abutter*. Among those of a later date are *factory*, *tannery*, and *bindery*, which last "appears to be due to Isaiah Thomas"; *bicycler*; and the phrase "go by trolley." Other phrases whose birth is claimed for Boston are "the spirit of the times" and "Continental Congress."

The most distinguished and the most exclusive body of scientific men in the world is probably the Berlin Academy of Sciences, and Germany is the ancient stronghold of that curious opposition on the part of the unfair sex to permitting women to do anything towards adding to the world's stock of knowledge. It is therefore with a shock of surprise that we see, in a late issue of the *Sitzungsberichte* of this Academy, a determination by Miss Maltby, an American woman, of the conductivities of thin solutions, to within a possible error of certainly one-one-thousandth. This is important, as it makes it possible for the first time to approach the fundamental question "how far equivalent conductivities can be resolved into additive capacities for motion of the ions."

—Mr. Ascott Hope's 'Ready-Made Romance' (Macmillan) is a book of adventure for boys which has been prepared according to an ingenious plan. On the one hand it is not fiction, and on the other it has nothing to do with those great heroes, Clive, Wolfe, Nelson, Washington, Farragut, etc., about whom historical books for the young so often centre. Mr. Hope has found a number of rare biographical sketches which deal with the exploits of boys, and, instead of making them over into the form of short stories, he abridges each book until it becomes an exciting chapter of real life. Tedious details are left out and only the best episodes are presented. Usually the actors have a place in the background of famous historical events, although this is not always the case. The opening chapter furnishes a good example of the recondite material which has been used. It is entitled "A Crusoe Among Calmucks," and relates the experiences of a young Silesian, Gottfried Opitz, who, by a train of misfortunes, is landed in the Steppes of Central Asia and kept a slave there for twenty years. The original work is rare enough to be a curiosity of literature, and probably few English readers have ever heard of it. So far from being hackneyed, all these tales will possess the charm of complete novelty for boys who have been brought up on the common round of fiction and history. Mr. Hope retells them with a full sense of their zest, and in good, strong English. We give the headings of a few of his chapters: "Food for Powder," "A Young Rebel," "Under the Terror," "A Den of Robbers," "A Russian Deserter," "School Boys in a Siege."

—We have already said a word or two concerning Dr. Fitchett's 'How England Saved Europe' (Scribners). Several months ago, when the first volume appeared, we described the design of the work, and gave some indication of the manner in which it was being executed. We now report the publication of the second and third volumes, which bring down the story of England's part in the great European struggle with France to the end of the Peninsular War. The opening instalment of Dr. Fitchett's patriotic history reached the battle of the Nile, and in proceeding from that point he has the advantage of dealing with well-defined periods. As he advances into the second stage of his narrative, he has Nelson for a hero until Trafalgar; and Wellington is in the same way a convenient central figure for his third volume, on the war in the Peninsula. Mahan and Napier are used to good purpose, but Dr. Fitchett, though not writing for scholars, is much more than a bond slave to either or both these masters. While his chief possession is a style which moves along, he has read enough for his purpose, and he handles his material skilfully. One of his virtues is a freedom from reverence for brute force, and for reputation won by doubtful means. For instance, take his comments upon the court-martial which followed the battle of the Basque Roads. Even Wellington, whom he admires in the main, does not escape his discriminating criticism. After quoting Lord Roberts's judgment that Wellington has been "underrated as a soldier and overrated as a man," he proceeds to admit that "there were some unlovely aspects to his character." We mention this simply because the natural tendency of "patriotic" historians is to magnify all the virtues of military heroes and to soften their shortcomings. Dr. Fitchett's work, we are afraid, will do something to *inflame Jingo feeling in England*, but we can acquit the author of the charge of making every general a demigod.

—The two-volume 'Life and Letters of Ambrose Phillipps De Lisle' (Macmillan) was begun and mainly written by Mr. Purcell, who wrote the elaborate depreciation of Cardinal Manning, and to some extent we have that depreciation continued here. De Lisle, born in 1809, eight years later than Newman, anticipated his submission to Rome some twenty years. Naturally he was much interested in the Oxford Movement, to which his biographers devote a good deal of space. Always an eager propagandist and schemer, his enthusiasm, like that of Ward and Oakeley, outran Newman's caution and caused him much anxiety. De Lisle was always expecting the English Church to fall like a ripe pear into Rome's outstretched hand. At Oxford, Ward took advantage of his simplicity and beguiled him with false hopes. The worst things charged against the Tractarians he eagerly accepted as true, as, for example, that many of them would like to enter into active communion with Rome "and yet remain in the Church of England to labor for the reconciliation of their whole Church." His feeling for the English Church was very different from Ward's, who had a facetious way of speaking of it as "Old Mother Damnable." He was always busy with one plan of reunion or another, catching at everything that seemed to promise the reabsorption of the English in the Roman Church, and often meeting with fresh disappointments. He was for Newman's scheme of a Roman college at Oxford, and when Manning thwarted it and set up a college at Kensington, he denounced the latter as "the still-born offspring of hierarchical assumption and lay obsequiousness." He was with Newman against Manning and others of the "insolent faction" clamoring for infallibility, and had the satisfaction of seeing Manning's definition rejected. But once he had to go without Newman's support—in his passionate preference for Gothic architecture. Newman's ideal architecture was Gothic till he became a Romanist, when he felt obliged to conform his taste to the style of St. Peter's. The queerest of De Lisle's vagaries was his discovery of Mohammed and the Turks in the Old Testament prophecies, and his summoning of Gladstone to make himself the Lord's right arm in fulfilment of the Moslem doom.

—The 'Christ' of Cynewulf, edited by Prof. A. S. Cook of Yale, is the first number of a series of Old English and Middle English texts to be published by Ginn & Co., under the general editorship of Profs. Bright and Kittredge. The sixty-four pages of text are mainly taken from Assmann's version of Grein's 'Crist' in the "Bibliothek der Angelsächsischen Poesie"; the introduction,

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notes, and glossary occupy the rest of the book (333 pages). If one short poem of Cynewulf's really requires such an inordinate deal of explanation, the study of Old English literature must be, for all of us but a few university professors who can give their whole time to the subject, dead past any hope of revival. But this is not the case, as a careful examination of Prof. Cook's book will show. A great deal of his explanatory matter is quite irrelevant to the perfect "understanding of the meaning of this noble piece of Old English literature," the main motive of Prof. Cook's work, as he tells us in his preface. It is matter that would be quite in place in a German doctor-dissertation or *Habilitations-schrift* as displaying accurate methods of investigation. In a book like this, intended to do something towards removing the popular prejudice that Old English had no literature worthy the name, such discursiveness, far from removing the prejudice in question, is likely to add to it another, that American scholarship in Old English is tinged with pedantry. Had the book been cut down by careful pruning to half its present compass, sufficient material for a clear understanding of the poem would still have been left, the suspicion of pedantry have been removed, and the cost of the volume would have been materially lessened. A somewhat exasperating feature of the edition is its numerous German quotations. Surely, mere expressions of German opinion could be accurately translated with a reference to the original source where such reference was necessary. There is nothing sacred about a German statement of opinion even in matters of English scholarship. Despite these blemishes, however, the book is a welcome and scholarly introduction to a series of texts that cannot fail to throw light on the history of our language and the development of our literature. It is well printed and attractively bound, and it is to be hoped that the other numbers of the series will be as creditable to American scholarship as this one is.

—Prof. Paul Fredericq of Ghent has recently printed, with the requisite explanatory commentary, some interesting documents from the archives of Utrecht. One series of these contains portions of the accounts of the vendors, in the province of Utrecht, of a crusading indulgence issued in 1488 by Sixtus IV., while another series concerns the operations in the same district, from 1517 to 1519, of Bishop Arcemboldi, the papal commissioner for the sale, in eastern Germany and the northern kingdoms, of the St. Peter's indulgence which was the occasion of the Lutheran revolt. The latter has importance as showing that, in spite of the discussion aroused by Luther, towards the end of 1517, which put so sudden an end to the preaching of Tetzel, the traffic continued tranquilly in Holland and the provinces of the lower Rhine, although the returns were probably somewhat diminished. All the documents, moreover, indicate how completely the sale of indulgences was a matter of business, conducted on business principles, with commissions paid to all concerned, like any other commercial enterprise. It was necessarily an expensive system, and but a portion of the moneys contributed by the people reached their ultimate destination in the papal camera. Thus, in 1488, at Alkmaer, the receipts were, in round numbers, 70 gold florins, while the local expenses were 59; in Dort the figures are respectively 330 and 213, in Gorcum 60 and 48. In 1517 at Bommel the sale of confessional letters produced 59 florins, from which 31 are deducted for expenses. These are extreme cases, but they do not comprehend the general expenses and the commissions retained by the higher officials through whose hands the moneys passed, so that, even when sales were honestly accounted for, the papal receipts by no means corresponded with the popular contributions. A curious circumstance connected with the indulgence of 1488 is that Abbod, the parish priest of Wageningen in Guelderland, so far from sharing in the proceeds as was customary, had the hardihood to preach against indulgences, declaring them to be mere frauds and deceits to extort money from the people, and he thus destroyed the market for them in his parish. This precursor of Luther was promptly prosecuted in Dokkum, where the magistrates would not allow the money-chest in the church to be opened until the expenses of the prosecution, amounting to 8 florins and 4 stivers, were duly paid. Students of the period have reason to be thankful to Prof. Fredericq for the inner light thrown by these documents on what Boniface VIII. characterized as the happy commerce of temporal things for spiritual.

## RECENT AMERICAN POETRY.

It is difficult to take seriously the recent prolongation of the Omar Khayyám cult into little dilutions, such as those made by Mr. Le Gallienne in England and Miss Elizabeth Alden Curtis in America: the latter offering it under the name 'One Hundred Quatrains from the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyám: A Rendering in English Verse' (Gouverneur, N. Y.: Brothers of the Book). There is no evidence that Miss Curtis, any more than Mr. Le Gallienne, can read Persian; and Mr. Richard Burton, who introduces the book, practically revokes his own praises when he cites (p. 13) such a stanza as the following as being "worthy of the original" (p. 43):

"Yea, on a breath is all existence hung,
The thread on which these beads of life are strung;
One day, perchance, when we shall breathe our last,
By that last breath the Secret may be wrung."

Miss Curtis's verses are thoughtful, pure, and even pleasing; it is the attempt to associate them with a greater original that mars them. Mr. Burton appears to better advantage in his own book of poems, 'Lyrics of Brotherhood' (Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.), which, while never strong or salient, is pleasing though misnamed; comparatively few of the poems bearing any particular suggestion of brotherhood, and the poems of nature being on the whole the best.

Another of the Omar dilutions, given with a variation in the verse, but still with an eye kept askance upon the same old Omar, is 'The House of a Hundred Lights: A Psalm of Experience, after Reading a Couplet of Bid Pai,' by Frederic Ridgely Torrence (Small, Maynard & Co.). When we come to such verses as these:

"The night passed and some youths caroused
and some poor Fakir kept his fast;
Some lovers kissed, some graves were dug,
all the same night, and the night—passed.

"I know not from the fading Rose
with parted lips what whisper went.
I only know the Nightingale
sang once again his old lament,"

it is impossible not to recognize the mine from which they were quarried. The same principle applies to 'The Apistophilon: A Nemesis of Faith,' by Frank D. Bullard, A.M., M.D. (Chicago: Donnelley), in which Dean Cochran of the University of Southern California finds resemblances to both Omar and Tennyson. As compared with the previous book, the Omar reproduction is graver and duller.

'Taliesin: A Masque,' by Richard Hovey (Small, Maynard & Co.), was published but a little before the death of its author, and formed the fourth drama of that "Poem in Dramas" which he is understood to have regarded as his best work. This last volume seems to us intrinsically less promising than the others, and partly from the unsuccessful mingling of Apollo and the Muses with the ever-romantic associations of Merlin, Taliesin, and the forest of Broceliande. There are glimpses here and there of that lyric grace which is so familiar to readers of 'Vagabondia,' but there are so many suggestions of Swinburne and so many of Hauptmann that the little book gives, after all, a doubtful pleasure, and it is to be feared that another man of really poetic gifts has passed away without fulfilling his promise.

'In a Winter Holiday,' by Mr. Hovey's lifelong associate, Bliss Carman (Small, Maynard & Co.), we have a thin volume containing a few of those lyric and narrative measures which we associate, not unattractively, with this author. The holiday ranges, it seems, from the shore of Scituate, Massachusetts, to the Bahamas and what the author calls "White Nassau." Sometimes the too facile measure becomes tame and slipshod, but Mr. Carman is best in this ballad (p. 31):

IN BAY STREET.

"What do you sell, John Camplejohn,
In Bay Street by the sea?"
"Oh, turtle shell is what I sell,
In great variety:

"Trinkets and combs and rosaries,
All keepsakes from the sea;
'Tis choose and buy what takes the eye,
In such a treasury."

"'Tis none of these, John Camplejohn,
Though curious they be,
But something more I'm looking for,
In Bay Street by the sea.

"Where can I buy the magic charm
Of the Bahaman sea,
That fills mankind with peace of mind
And soul's felicity?

. . . . . .

"And where can I buy that rustling sound,
In this city by the sea,
Of the plumy palms in their high blue calms;
Or the stately poise and free

"Of the bearers who go up and down,
Silent as mystery,
Burden on head, with naked tread,
In the white streets by the sea?"

. . . . . .

"Ah, that is more than I've heard tell
In Bay Street by the sea,
Since I began, my roving man,
A trafficker to be.

"As sure as I'm John Camplejohn,
And Bay Street's by the sea,
Those things for gold have not been sold,
Within my memory.

"But what would you give, my roving man
From countries over-sea,
For the things you name, the life of the same,
And the power to bid them be?"

"I'd give my hand, John Camplejohn,
In Bay Street by the sea,
For the smallest dower of that dear power
To paint the things I see."

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It is perhaps a tribute to Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton's English popularity—and perhaps in part a key to it—that of the thirteen mottoes to the different portions of her new book 'At the Wind's Will' (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.) every one is from an English poet. The greater part of these are from Rossetti and his circle; and it is also noticeable that nine-tenths of the profuse endorsements of her literary merits in the advertising pages are from English sources, and, as such, are cordial enough. Living still so largely in the colonial atmosphere as we Americans unfortunately do, this will to many readers seem all that can be desired. Yet to those who believe that there may, even on this continent, be such a thing as local color, both in nature and human life, these facts suggest misgivings which the farther study of this latest volume by Mrs. Moulton only confirms. That she surpasses all other American women, past or present, in the actual technique of verse, may be easily conceded. One looks in vain through the volume for a false rhyme, an unequal cadence. But this, after all, gives only the laurels of Andrea del Sarto, not of Raphael, as discriminated by Browning:

"Ah, but the soul: he's Raphael! Rub it out."

Many a short poem by Helen Jackson has more of real passion, many a single verse by Emily Dickinson more power of imagination, than is to be found in this whole volume. The versification, while always smooth, is rarely bold or commanding; and, worst of all, there is throughout a tone of rather languid pessimism in which the stronger and more self-controlled strain of "The Spring is Here" is exceptional, not normal (p. 141):

THE SPRING IS HERE.

I feel the kindness of the lengthening days—
I warm me at the strong fire of the sun—
I know the year's glad course is well begun—
Ah, what awaits me in its devious ways?

What strange, new bliss shall thrill me with amaze?
What prize shall I rejoice that I have won?
I feel the kindness of the lengthening days—
I warm me at the strong fire of the sun.

Yet I behold the phantom that dismays—
The face of Grief that spares not any one—
Rewards come not until the task is done,
And there are minor chords in all earth's lays;—
Nay! Trust the kindness of the lengthening days—
I'll warm me at the strong fires of the sun.

'A Season's Sowing,' written by Charles Keeler and decorated by Louise Keeler (San Francisco: Robertson), is pleasing as a piece of joint effort; but, after all, a book consisting mainly of detached couplets or even four-line verses becomes as monotonous to the eye as a mile-long necklace would be to the touch. The illustrations have a good deal of grace and variety, but the best of the couplets affords the best criticism on the rest (p. 33):

"Sing life's song in a major strain,
Then will you not have lived in vain."

A similar monotony, on a larger scale, attaches to 'A Garland of Sonnets,' by Craven Langstroth Betts (Wessels). The correct form of the Italian measure is scrupulously followed, and even Shakspere is not treated to a Shaksperian sonnet. The versification is careful, the thought sincere and modest, and the book is illustrated with portraits of the thirty or more authors garlanded.

The monotony of the sonnet is also fearlessly tested by Mr. Lloyd Mifflin, and his versions of Bion, Moschus, and others under the name 'Echoes of Greek Idylls' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) form no exception to this general statement. To put, for instance, a lyric song of two verses into two sonnets (pp. 64-5) leaves a very incongruous impression; and though Shelley set the example of translating Greek idylls in this form, yet he would have been the last person to follow such an experiment too far. Comparing these poems with the originals, we find many verbal felicities, but, after all, the impression is made of a Greek bard in a modern dress-suit.

There is something rather attractive about 'Mists of Fire: A Trilogy and Some Eclogs,' by Coates Kinney (Chicago: Rand), if only for this reason, that it has the quaint old rhetorical flavor which especially marked the Southern and Western poetry of half a century ago. Its very titles—"Mists of Fire," "Capnisma," "Pessim and Optim," "Singing Flame," "Victrice"—belong to what may be called the Griswold period of our literature, and they are mingled with Loyal Legion poems and "Remember the *Maine*." There are worse things, however, than floridness accompanied by patriotic enthusiasm and simple domestic affection, and there is one of these poems, "Rain on the Roof" (p. 117), which has found its way into various uncritical volumes of school selections.

'Sword and Cross, and Other Poems,' by Charles Eugene Banks (Chicago: Rand), belongs to much the same class, with less flavor of early schooling, and bearing date some twenty or thirty years later. The author adds the more modern theme of "The Battered Old Grip"; he has apparently been on guard in Luzon, has a respect for Whittier, and makes "Uncle Sam to the Philippines" utter this appeal to the other party (p. 261):

"If thou art savage, brave, and strong,
More brave and strong am I;
Thy children's children shall be free
Though half my subjects die."

This is an application of Quaker principles which would have quite astonished the bard of Amesbury. The outside of the book is embellished with a very long and formidable sword, holding a very little cross in its protecting embrace; and this represents very fairly the relative proportion of these two influences between the covers.

'Living in the World, with Other Ballads and Lyrics,' by Frank Putnam (Chicago: Rand), is another of the zealously patriotic volumes, somewhat Kiplingized, but fortunately with a difference. The measure of the "Ballad of Civilization" (p. 117) may not quite move with Kipling, but for substance of doctrine it seems to come nearer to the precise truth:

We are out to Christianize the island races,
(And may the Lord have mercy on their souls!)
For we'll put them willy nilly in the traces,
And we'll work 'em till their sweat in rivers rolls.
We are going to teach the savage ones among 'em how to pray—
They will have to learn the motions, if they can't be made to think;
We have got 'em by the collar, and you hear me when I say
That we'll lead 'em to the water and we'll also make 'em drink.

You can preach until you wabble at the knees
As to equity and like commercial drugs,
But we're bound to save the blessed Filipees,
If we have to pump the beggars full of slugs.
Trade is waiting for the signal from the fighting men ahead,
And our missionary brethren are impatient for the fray;
So we're going to pluck 'em living, or we're going to plant 'em dead,
For we never shirk our duty when it promises to pay.
They have got to get in line with modern ways,
They must sow and reap and mine and buy and sell;
They will never see again the foolish days
When a man could face the world with easy gaze
If he owned a cot, a garden, and a well.
For the flying car of progress has descended on the land,
Uncle Sammy has alighted and has told 'em what to do;
With a Bible in his pocket and a rifle in his hand,
He has started 'em for heaven, and he's going to see 'em through.

The poems of Miss Stella May Herrick, under the somewhat commonplace name of 'Thoughtful Hours' (Cincinnati: The Literary Shop), have more than usual thought and feeling, combined with a good deal of negligence as to form and rhyme. An author who habitually substitutes for rhymes such uncouth jingles as "return" and "worm" (p. 80), "heaven" and "fathom" (p. 81), "publish" and "rubbish" (p. 95), is still in the sub-primary stage of verse; and although the example of Mrs. Browning and Miss Dickinson may be quoted to the contrary, yet they succeeded in spite of these obstacles, not by means of them. 'Nature-Pictures by American Poets,' edited by Annie Russell Marble (Macmillan), is a fairly good school-selection of poems on Nature, with, perhaps, a slight tendency to the commonplace in the selection and a distinct flavor of school manual in the introduction. There is great accuracy in the editing, which is, after all, the essential thing, in view of the purpose of the book.

'Ballads of a Bookworm,' by Irving Browne (East Aurora, N. Y.: Roycrofters), is one of those well-known books, increasing in number, in which the tameness of the letterpress is only emphasized by the beauty of the handmade illustrations. In this case, even our confidence in the high standard of the Roycroft Press is impaired when, on the very first page, we find "nonpareil" twice spelled "nonpariel." In 'Folk-Songs from the Spanish,' by Helen Huntington (Putnams), one finds more that is attractive in the prose descriptions of the preface than in the text of the book. 'Day Dreams,' by Ida Eckert Lawrence (Cincinnati: Robert Clarke Co.), is one of those books of local celebrity described by the neighboring newspapers as charming and soulful, and sold largely, as we are assured, before the day of publication—a fact which compels the conscientious critic to be silent and pass on.

The Pacific Coast, which seems to be the especial place, just now, for poetic experiments, sends a singular volume, ranging from beauty to nonsense, called 'Omega et Alpha, and Other Poems,' by Greville d'Arville (San Francisco: Elder). The poet, with unwonted consideration, says to his critics on the first page:

"I fain would ask of thee,
As critics true and brave,
If I a poet be,
And not a rhyming knave?

"For if I fail in rhyme,
With mind intent on high,
The lofty heights to climb,
Forgive me then—I die."

There are occasional French phrases, and other lapses of English grammar such as above and as when he writes—

"Honest tillers of the soil,
Thy life with gold is gilded."

But it is difficult to say what to make of an author who begins his poem "The Two Lovers" (p. 74) thus:

"Patter, patter,
On the roof.
Clatter, clatter,
Horses' hoof.

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Matter, matter,
All enough;
Hatter, Hatter,
Sniffs his snuff.
Hannah, Hannah;
All a-fluff;
Ana, Ana;
Sleeves a-puff;
Dana, Dana,
Stern and gruff."

However, the book shows some patriotic feeling—though it is not quite clear towards what country this is exercised—and ends with the modest appeal, "Spero Meliora."

The stately volume, 'Moods, and Other Verses,' by Edward Robeson Taylor (San Francisco: Elder & Shepard), will have an interest for those who recall the volume of translations from Hérédia, by the same author, to which we called attention at the time of publication; and which had the merit, rare in such work, of being revised and improved with each successive edition. Part of the present volume is also occupied by translations, and though the author has wasted some effort in retranslating poems already familiar—for instance, Goethe's "Angler"—yet he gives us some versions so fine and rich that they seem almost original. The chief defect of the book, we should say, lies in too great facility of production and a standard not quite exacting enough. To this is to be added an occasional slovenliness of rhyme, and that same tendency to the coining of new and rather cumbrous words which was visible in the first edition of his 'Hérédia.' But from these minor defects we turn with pleasure to this strong version of Leconte de Lisle's superb poem on the condor, soaring above mountain tops and then slumbering in mid-air (p. 179):

THE CONDOR'S SLEEP.

Beyond the Cordilleras' stairs that steeply wind,
Beyond black eagle's haunts in mist-enshrouded air,
And higher than the cratered, furrowed summits, where
The boiling flood of lava rages unconfined,
His pendent pinions tinct with spots of crimson dye,
The great bird silent views, with indolent, dull stare,
America and space outreaching boundless there,
And that now sombre sun which dies in his cold eye.
Night rolls from out the East, where savage pampas lie
Beneath the tier on tier of peaks in endless line;
It Chili lulls, the shores, the cities' roar and cry,
The grand Pacific Sea, and horizon all divine;
The silent continent its close embraces hide;
On sands and hills, in gorges, on declivities,
And on the heights, now swell, in widening vortices,
The heavy flood and flow of its high-rolling tide.
Upon a lofty peak, alone, like spectre grim,
Bathed in a light that spills its life-blood on the snow,
He waits this direful sea that threats him as a foe:
It comes, it breaks in foam, and dashes over him.
In the unfathomed depths the Southern Cross doth loom
Upon the sky's vast shore, a pharos-shining light.
His rattling throat speaks joy, he proudly shakes his plume,
His muscular, peeled neck he lifts and stretches tight;
To raise himself he gives the hard snow lashing stings;
Then with a raucous cry he mounts where no winds are,
And from the dark globe far, far from the living star,
In the icy air he sleeps on grand, outspreading wings.

*In Dwarf Land and Cannibal Country:* A Record of Travel and Discovery in Central Africa. By A. B. Lloyd. 146 illustrations and maps. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1899. Pp. xxiv, 385. 8vo.

A more interesting account of life in Central Africa than this simple record of a missionary's experiences and impressions, it would be hard to find. The description of the journey across German East Africa, with which it begins, bears striking testimony to the inestimable benefit of the railway to the country in supplanting the necessary but "fearful practice of human *porterage*." Such were the hardships and dangers of the way in 1894 that of five hundred porters with which the missionary party of six Englishmen started from Zanzibar, only twenty-five reached the Victoria Nyanza. "Many had deserted, and many, alas! had died," from pure exhaustion, disease, and the attacks of hostile natives and wild beasts. In view of this experience of a caravan well cared for, it is easy to credit the statement that every tusk of ivory the Arabs bring down with their slaves to the coast from the interior costs at least two human lives. After fifteen months spent in Uganda, Mr. Lloyd was sent to Toro, a native kingdom on the eastern slopes of Mt. Ruwenzori, into which Christianity had been introduced by native teachers. He went on the invitation of the King, who had become a Christian while in exile in Uganda, and, on being restored to his kingdom, desired white missionaries to instruct his people and aid him in establishing Christian rule. The sincerity of his convictions was shown by the announcement, made soon after Mr. Lloyd's arrival, "that if there were any slaves in the country who wished to obtain their freedom, they were at liberty at once to apply for it. Some fifty Waganda women slaves immediately came forward and were released and returned to Uganda under proper escort." The author's work among this people was interrupted by the Sudanese mutiny, and teaching and exploration were given up for a time in order to care for the sick and wounded. Being invalided home on account of fever in 1898, he determined to cross the continent to the west coast. The King of Toro remonstrated with him on account of the dangers from the pygmies and cannibals. "But when I told him that I had made up my mind most thoroughly to go, in spite of all, he simply said, '*Ofude*' (You are dead)." Mr. Lloyd's singular power of attaching the natives to him and their devotion are shown in the reply of a lad of seventeen, who with two others offered to go with him, to a question about wages: "'What!' said Elisa, 'are we *slaves* that you should pay us for helping you? We will have no wage; you are our father, we love you and trust you; we need nothing but our clothes to wear; we will accompany you as friends.'" Among those who came to bid him good-by was a little princess of twelve, who "drew off a little native-made bracelet from her wrist, and sobbingly handed it to me and said, 'Take this bracelet, and when you look at it you will think of me, and when you think of me you will think of all my people, and you will long to come back to us again.'"

The most interesting incidents of Mr. Lloyd's journey through the great forest, the first made by a white man without an armed escort, were his encounters with the pygmies. On the sixth day after entering it, being in want of food, he was on the point of shooting what appeared to be a large monkey in a tree when his boy suddenly pulled his arm and said, "Don't fire—it's a man!" while the pygmy, seeing that he was discovered, "ran along the branch on which he stood, and, jumping from tree to tree, soon disappeared." That same night, while sitting at his tent door, he became, he says, "aware of a number of little faces peering at me through the thicket. Just in front of me was the trunk of a huge tree, and around one side of it there peeped a tiny figure." On his saluting them in the Toro tongue one little man returned the greeting, and shyly came forward, followed by others. "Broad-chested, with muscles finely developed, short, thick neck, and small bullet head, the lower limbs were massive and strong to a degree. The chest was covered with black, curly hair, and most of the men wore thick, black beards. Each carried either bow and quiver of arrows, or short throwing-spears. Round their arms they wore iron rings, and some of them had these round their necks also." The spokesman proved to be the chief, and, using the Toro language, he answered Mr. Lloyd's questions about his people and the forest "with marvellous intelligence, speaking in a rapid, sing-song way." There is little, however, that is new in the thirty pages devoted to this interesting race, unless it be the brief reference to their religion, evidences of which the author believes that he found in bundles of food and pots of honey placed at the foot of large trees, and "some little temples," of which he gives a picture, but no description or reason for his conjecture that they were religious in their object.

Our chief criticism of Mr. Lloyd is that the title of his book is misleading, and arouses expectations which are not realized, in regard to both the pygmies and the cannibals. The latter were encountered immediately on leaving the forest, and proved to be a "splendid race of people, . . . upright as a dart, with heads erect, and bright, intelligent faces." Their principal industry is smelting the iron ore found in the forest, and forging it into excellent spears, knives, and ornaments. They also practise a kind of wireless telegraphy by means of drums hollowed from a tree trunk, which gives two distinct notes. A message, such as "The European is coming!" can be sent a distance of over a hundred miles in less than two hours. Their cannibalism is not simply the result of a superstition, but "is no doubt a depraved appetite," and defended by them on the ground that, as man is the noblest of animals, his flesh must be the most nourishing. They proved harmless, however, largely, no doubt, on account of Mr. Lloyd's tactful treatment, shown on one occasion by his putting his bicycle together and riding into one of their villages—first to their terror and then amusement at seeing the "white man on a snake." In a little over a month after leaving Toro he reached the navigable waters of the Congo.

Among the suggestive passages are those in which Mr. Lloyd contrasts the treatment of the African by the different European nationalities. The German rule is strictly military, and does little for the improvement of the country. The Belgian, in too many instances, simply uses his official position to get rubber and ivory, if necessary by forcible means. In Uganda, on the other hand, "each chief has become a man of much more importance since the occupation by the British than he ever was before. He is respected by the British officers, and trusted to do his duty, and, until he proves himself incapable of controlling the district allotted to him by the King, he retains his chief-

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tainship." Mr. Lloyd has numerous stories to tell of exciting encounters with snakes, leopards, elephants, and lions—these last especially dangerous in Toro, entering villages in the daytime and carrying off their victims. It should be added that Mr. Lloyd, a lay missionary, tells little of his work, and his book is singularly free from the religious expressions and reflections generally to be found in missionary narratives. The pictures are interesting and well chosen, and add much to the attractiveness of the volume. Its chief value, however, is in demonstrating the truth of his conviction, arising from his interest in and fair and trustful treatment of the natives, that "I and my little dog Sally might walk across Africa alone in perfect safety."

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*The World and the Individual:* Gifford Lectures delivered before the University of Aberdeen. First Series: The Four Historical Conceptions of Being. By Josiah Royce. Macmillan. 1900. 8vo, pp. 588.

We can do no more than explain in untechnical language what this important book is about. Its purpose is to say what it is that we aim at when we make any inquiry or investigation—not what our ulterior purpose may be, nor yet what our special effort is in any particular case, but what the direct and common aim of all search for knowledge is. This is a question of fact. Prof. Royce has clothed the matter in such academical guise that a reader untrained in philosophy might suppose it was a mere dispute about a definition, and therefore a profitless discussion; but, stripping off technicalities, we find this question of fact beneath them.

The only opinion on this subject generally held at this day that Prof. Royce considers to be essentially different from his own, is one which may be attributed to Bishop Berkeley more justly than to any other individual. It is the opinion of Possible Experience. Though this has taken slightly different shapes with different thinkers, it will suffice, in order to explain the purport of Prof. Royce's book, to state it in one of its forms. The answer, then, generally given, or virtually given, to the question what any inquiry is instituted for, is approximately that it is intended to settle doubt on the subject. Did Sir Philip Francis write the Junius letters? I can imagine, as the handwriting experts say, that he did. I can imagine, as most of the recent inquirers say, that he did not. I feel no compulsion to attach either idea to my mental representation of the historic world. There are some images which I am forced, whether I would or no, to attach to mental objects—such as a dark skin and jealousy to Othello. The course of life has developed certain compulsions of thought which we speak of collectively as Experience. Moreover, the inquirer more or less vaguely identifies himself in sentiment with a Community of which he is a member, and which includes, for example, besides his momentary self, his self of ten years hence; and he speaks of the resultant cognitive compulsions of the course of life of that community as Our Experience. He says "we" find that terrestrial bodies have a component acceleration towards the earth of 980 centimetres per second, though neither he nor many of his acquaintances have ever made the experiment.

Now, such being his state of mind, two hopes motive his inquiry: the first is, that the course of "our" experience may ultimately compel the attachment of a settled idea to the mental subject of the inquiry; and the second is, that the inquiry itself may compel him to think that he anticipates what that destined ultimate idea is to be.

Such, approximately, is the ordinary opinion of Possible Experience, in one of its modes of statement. According to it every inquiry is directed toward the resultant of certain compulsions; and, therefore, so far as a sense of compulsion is an immediate knowledge of something outside of self, exerting a brute force on self, this opinion is that every inquiry relates to a brute something without the mind. It was substantially on this ground that Kant opposed the anti-materialism of Berkeley. But, regarded from another side, this opinion is that the only object to which inquiry seeks to make our opinion conform is itself something of the nature of thought; namely, it is the predestined ultimate idea, which is independent of what you, I, or any number of men may persist, for however long, in thinking, yet which remains thought, after all. The whole course of life within which the experiential compulsions appear is a purely psychical development. For the gist of the opinion is that the flow of time consists in a continual assimilation into "our" inwardness, the Past, of a non-ego that is nothing but the ego that is to be—the Future. The Past acts upon the Future intelligibly, logically. But those blind compulsions are glimpses of an unknown object. Now, the unknown, according to this theory, is nothing but what is bound, as our hope is, to emerge in the future. Those blind compulsions, then, can be regarded as actions of the future on the past. From that point of view, it is seen that they can but be brute and blind, and, further, that in the course of time they must be seen to rationalize themselves and fall into place as the cognition develops.

To Prof. Royce's thinking, this opinion is unsatisfactory. He finds four faults with it, and sets them before us with his own argumentative lucidity and admirable mastery of the subject. Of the nature of three of them—that the opinion under examination makes the object of knowledge to be no more than a "would-be"; that its "experience" is no experience for an inquirer; that it seats an abstraction on a throne of reality—we can here find room for no clearer hint than those phrases may convey. Whatever solid skeleton the three objections may clothe is pretty much the same as that of the fourth and strongest, that if the non-ego to which the inquirer seeks to make his ideas conform is merely an idea in the future, that future idea must have for its object an idea future to it, and so on *ad infinitum*. There is no escaping the admission that the ultimate end of inquiry—the essential, not ulterior end—the mould to which we endeavor to shape our opinions, cannot itself be of the nature of an opinion. Could it be realized, it would rather be like an insistent image, not referring to anything else, and in that sense concrete. Passing from the consideration of a single inquiry to that of the aggregate of all possible inquiries, the phantom ultimate issue of them all would be the real universe. To be that, however, it must include the mental world as well as the physical, and must set forth to itself all laws and modes of conception. It must, above all, exhibit to itself the whole course of time, with that process of complete rationalization of ideas upon the assumption of which the very hypothesis of a fated ultimate destination of opinion is based. It must, therefore, be conceived as a perfect rational consciousness. In short, it is such a conception of Deity (necessarily a one-sided one) as considerations limited to the Theory of Cognition could reasonably be expected to yield.

This inevitable outcome of the doctrine of Possible Experience is the very same goal, roughly speaking, to which Prof. Royce's explorations have brought him, too, by a path nearly parallel to that for which we have set up a sign-post for whoever may care to follow it out, though the hedgerows of thought may prevent the traveller over the one from being aware how close he is to the other. Prof. Royce reaches his conclusion by analyzing the nature of the purpose of an idea. Now this same conception of the purpose of an idea ought equally to be seized as the guiding thread to the doctrine of Possible Experience, although Prof. Royce believes his position to be quite foreign, even hostile, to that. One divergence is, that where another thinker might speak of a hope, as we have done above, Prof. Royce would substitute a *reductio ad absurdum* of the contrary opinion—a diminution of man's natural sublime attitude to a sorry "A is A." Fortunately the logic of those arguments is never impeccable, so that the hopes retain their matter and are not reduced to mere formulæ.

Two other views are examined. One is that of cognitive Dualism, which Professor Royce calls by the objectionable name Realism (as if the Dualists alone admitted outward realities). The other is that of Mysticism, which is less an opinion than an attitude of mind, of which Professor Royce gives an exceedingly penetrating analysis. There is a long and technical supplementary essay on the One, the Many and the Infinite, which is very important.

The dress of the book is as charming as that of one so sure of being long and often perused ought to be.

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*The Practical Study of Languages:* A Guide for Teachers and Learners. By Henry Sweet, M.A., Ph.D., LL.D. Henry Holt & Co. 1900.

In spite of its title, this is not primarily a pedagogical work. The author disclaims at the outset any special competence to deal with linguistic study from the standpoint of secondary instruction. Nevertheless, school-masters are so perfect in their kind as to find no profit in the perusal of this rich offering of recorded experience, original suggestion, and independent criticism. Not only in the short section entitled "Teaching Children," but on almost every one of these 280 closely printed pages, the teacher will discover an abundance of practical ideas and precepts that cannot fail to stimulate reflection, even if they do not find ready acceptance. Such sentences as the following indicate how vitally important to the pedagogue are many of the topics discussed:

"The only dead languages that children ought to have anything to do with are the earlier stages of their own language."

"If Latin is studied at all at school it

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ought not under any circumstances to be begun before the age of sixteen. Greek should be put on a level with Hebrew, Arabic, Russian, Chinese."

"No plan of study can be a sound one in which reading of the texts themselves does not take up, on an average, two-thirds of the whole time."

"The complete course may be divided into five stages: (1) the mechanical; (2) the grammatical; (3) the idiomatic and lexical (dealing with the vocabulary of the colloquial language); (4) the literary; (5) the archaic."

Especially opportune is the last chapter, which contains a critical comparison of ancient and living tongues, a discussion of the respective advantages of inflectional endings and prefixed particles, and an attempt to distinguish the effective from the superfluous differentiations of form. The following paragraph, the latter part of which certainly applies better to Latin than to Greek, summarizes the author's conclusions:

"Of course, it must not be forgotten that all languages are extremely defective if compared with an ideal standard, and that consequently the difference between them can only be one of degree; but if those languages are the most rational which express ideas most clearly, simply, and regularly, there can be no question of the superiority of the modern languages in rationality, and consequently as a means of intellectual training also. If, on the other hand, the mechanical acquisition of irrational distinctions of form, and familiarizing one's self with vague and loose expressions of thought, is the best training for the mind, then there can be no question of the superiority of ancient languages."

While intensely modern in his views, and while strongly advocating the principle that language work should begin with the study of colloquial speech, Dr. Sweet does not unquestioningly admit all the claims of the "new methods" and their apostles. Gouin, Vietor, and the rest are subjected to a searching scrutiny, and the fallacy of several pet articles of belief is ruthlessly exposed. See, for instance, the treatment of the "series method" on p. 178, of the "picture method" on p.199, on the use of the foreign language in the class-room on p. 200, of phrase-books on p. 212, of the sequence of rule and example on p. 132. In the author's opinion, no serviceable means of acquisition should be rejected; and, beside phonetics, colloquy, and reading in the strange tongue, he finds a place—a large one—for grammar and translation. Only "composition" is discarded, or relegated to one of the latest stages.

Interesting as the volume is to the teacher, it is still more valuable to the scientific student and writer. We all, in fact, have here an opportunity to profit by the experience of one of the foremost of living philologists, who has acquired a command of many languages, who has produced some of the most original and fascinating text-books ever written, and who now tells us how to do likewise. Everything imaginable is discussed, from the proper device for getting information out of an incompetent native teacher to the best means of condensing material in a dictionary, from deciphering cuneiform inscriptions to investigating the speech of savages. The many defects of different systems of study, instruction, and composition are exemplified by extracts from a great variety of text-books; excellences of method and style are generally illustrated from the works of Dr. Sweet himself. It must be admitted that a considerable part of the volume is conceived in the spirit of "The good boy now stands before you"; but the author's favorable estimate of his performance is so well founded, and so frankly expressed, that his attitude is not at all exasperating. On the contrary, the personal note lends additional interest to a work which, from cover to cover, contains not a page that is dull or commonplace.

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*The Races of Man:* An Outline of Anthropology and Ethnography. By J. Deniker, Sc.D. (Paris). With 176 Illustrations and two Maps. London: Walter Scott; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1900. Pp. xxiii+611.

This book deserves a place beside Brinton's 'Races and Peoples' (1890) and Keane's 'Ethnology' (1896), although less a work of philosophic insight than the former and in some respects more lacking in scientific accuracy than the latter. After a brief introduction on "Ethnic Groups and Zoölogical Species," the author passes in review "the characters (somatic, linguistic, sociological) which possess a real importance in the differentiation of races." These characters, according to Dr. Deniker, are much less numerous than is generally supposed, and "belong for the most part to the category of characters that are observed in the living subject." His treatment of these topics is generally very sane, if, here and there, a little too French; he is not, however, so dogmatic as Keane or so *risqué* as Brinton. He is fortunately without that worship of minutiæ which makes so many German anthropological works (not the books of a Von den Steinen or an Ehrenreich) of little value for the true study of man and of the races of men. For Dr. Deniker the "ancient controversy between monogenists and polygenists" is largely a scholastic one, and he contents himself with recognizing "several distinct somatological units," or "races," from the blending of which the "ethnic groups" of mankind have arisen. Both these terms ("race" and "ethnic group") are to be understood in a rather broad sense; and his much-discussed scheme of classification of races and peoples, the elaboration of which occupies a considerable portion of the present volume (pp. 280-570), does not suffer thereby. And wisely, too, he admits that ethnic groups are practically sociological units.

As is the case with every general work on ethnology so far written on the Continent of Europe, the treatment of the aboriginal races of America (pp. 507-576) is altogether the most unsatisfactory part of the book, although not so bad as might be feared; the author showing more acquaintance than does, for example, Ratzel, with the more recent labors of American ethnologists. The South American peoples do not suffer so much as the North American, and the author's errors are largely those of omission, not of commission—a remark which might be made of the book generally. In his discussion of savage and civilized peoples, Dr. Deniker calls attention to the variety and uneven character of the genius of the former, concluding that "the secret of civilization lies not so much in efforts of isolated individuals as in accumulation of these efforts, in the transmission from one generation to another of the acquired result, of a sum-total of knowledge which enables each generation to go further without beginning everything over again *ab ovo*" (p. 125). The author takes a much more favorable view of acclimatization (even of the European in warm regions) and miscegenation than is held by some recent English and American writers. He believes that "the most mixed and most civilized races are those which are soonest acclimatized," and that the tendency of races to intermingle and of civilization to develop, which goes on increasing every day in every part of the world, makes the cosmopolitanism of mankind only a question of time. One of the greatest developers of this state of things is language, and, on this point, it is interesting to note the fact, the importance of which can hardly be exaggerated, that in the Philippines "the Tagalog language is largely superseding other dialects in the Archipelago" (p. 491); the Tagals are, moreover, the culture-bearing people among all the millions of inhabitants of these islands. Tagalization of the Philippines, if the forced rule of a "higher" race were removed, would be the logical forerunner of civilization and ultimate partnership in the cosmopolitanism of mankind. And similar phenomena are to be observed in other regions of the globe. In reality, the intermixture of all sorts of a culture-favoring character that has gone on among savage and barbarous peoples has been much underestimated; the share of the American Indian, *e. g.*, in the development of the present culture-status of the Aryan peoples of the New World is greater than is commonly thought, even in North America. As to the so-called "Yankee type," which is discussed in every French and German ethnology, Dr. Deniker observes that, "if not a physical, it is at least a social type" (p. 508).

Altogether, the book is a very suggestive one, the illustrations (mostly from photographs) good, and the tables of anthropometric and other data new and useful. Being of French origin, it suffers a little from incorrect forms of proper names, as *Plata* for Platte River, Nebraska (p. 531). These, and a few misprints here and there (like *bollas*, p. 544), can easily be attended to in a second edition, which the book well deserves.

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*A History of the British Army.* By the Hon. J. W. Fortescue. First Part: To the Close of the Seven Years' War. Macmillan Co. 2 vols., 8vo, pp. 591, 629.

There is no lack of books treating of particular campaigns of the British army, and for a broader sketch there is Col. Cooper King's 'Story of the British Army'; yet Mr. Fortescue is able to say truly that a systematic history of the whole army has still been lacking. This is not his own first venture in military history, for his lively history of the 'Seventeenth Lancers' had been a bit of 'prentice work which proved his aptitude for the investigation demanded, his familiarity with military matters, his comprehension of strategic and tactical questions, and his command of a style well adapted to his subject. The two large volumes now published are only the first part of the general history, bringing the narrative down to 1763, and it will require about as much more space to complete the task. A reasonable degree of fulness in the treatment of such a history, so far from being an objection, is an advantage to the reader. He is interested in the development of a campaign, in its purpose and the means used to attain it, in the leaders and their prominent subordinates, in the pic-

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turesque features of a battle and the telling of the way it was lost or won. Too much compression ends in dryness, and, instead of complaining of the bulk of Mr. Fortescue's volumes, one who cares to study the subject at all will find that the added space has given added interest and made the reading easy. The author's sympathy with the army about which he writes seems as ardent as any soldier's could be; and his apology, as a civilian, for undertaking such a subject, only accentuates the evident zest with which he has entered into it. It suggests to us that men of his name have so often been in the list of England's distinguished soldiers that family pride may well have stimulated his zeal.

Almost the only point one may find in the book for criticism is so eager an advocacy of the army point of view, that the statesman's is not always appreciated or allowed due weight. This is illustrated in the author's treatment of the passage of the first Mutiny Act, the year after the Revolution of 1688. Of the statute the author says:

"It made a great parade of the statement that the raising or keeping of a standing army in time of peace is against the law, but the standing army was in existence for nearly thirty years before the Mutiny Act was passed, and continued to exist, as will be seen, for two short but distinct periods between 1689 and 1701, without the help of any mutiny act whatever. If, therefore, the keeping of a standing army in time of peace is against the law, it can only be said that, during those periods, Parliament deliberately voted money for the violation of the law, as indeed it is always prepared to do when convenient to itself. . . . Nevertheless, the passing of the Mutiny Act remains always an incident of the first importance in the history of the Army, and the story of its origin is typical of the attitude of Parliament towards that long-suffering body. Every concession, nay, every commonest requirement, must be wrung from it by the pressure of fear." (Vol. i., pp. 335, 336.)

The Mutiny Act not only gave the King as Commander-in-Chief the power to enforce discipline by courts-martial instead of leaving him and his officers to the civil magistracy for the enforcement of the contract of enlistment by civil suit, but, by limiting the power to a year, made annual action of Parliament necessary to continue the army organization. Without it, there could be no valid enlistment which the civil courts could enforce, and members of courts-martial would be criminally liable for trespassing on the liberty or life of the alleged soldier.

The new policy was the direct consequence of the military dictatorship which Cromwell had used first to "purge" Parliament, and then to drive out the "Rump," which the military leaders, soon after the Protector's death, again drove out, Mr. Fortescue saying of it (*id.*, p. 275) that "it was not in the nature of things that the English generals should long submit to the junta of politicians which it [the army] had set over England." This, again, was followed by Monk's overthrow of Lambert and Desborough's dictatorship, and setting up his own to restore Charles II. The remaining time of the Stuart dynasty was not without military disturbances, and William of Orange had just been put upon the throne by another revolution. That a military historian, himself a civilian bearing a distinguished name, can now speak of Parliamentary jealousy of standing armies in the terms we have quoted, treating the history of such a time, is itself stronger justification of such jealousy than any argument that could be made. It demonstrates the inveterate tendency of military organization and discipline to antagonize representative government, and the fundamental necessity to civil freedom of strict adherence to the principle that the military must be completely subordinate to the civil power.

As we have said, however, this is almost the only stricture we have to make in regard to the book. The proper history of military events is excellently done. The maps are numerous, well engraved, printed in colors, and for the most part of single-page size interleaved with the text. A few folding ones of a more general character are found at the end of each volume. English military history is so largely the story of colonial expansion, that one brings away from its perusal a very succinct and clear view of succeeding conquests based upon the selfish greed of trading corporations, gradually changing, under the progressive enlightenment of the age, to some recognition of the rights even of conquered peoples, and of the fallacy of expecting material profit from conquest. The story of the establishment of British rule in India, particularly, is nowhere so simply and so neatly laid bare as in the military narrative of the struggle between England and France for dominion; native peoples and their rulers being the victims of each conqueror in turn.

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*Ways of Wood-Folk.* By William J. Long. First Series. Boston: Ginn & Co. 1899. 12mo, pp. 205, illustrated.

The wood-folk here referred to are foxes, mergansers, rabbits, ducks, beaver, crows, quail, moose, chickadees, woodpeckers, owls, hornets, and bears. The notes on their ways are not very comprehensive, but are interesting throughout. They were gathered from the folk, and, being pretty well done in the gathering as in the telling, they abound in bits not seen by the many in the field. Boys as much as the older reader will delight in the book, which is a good one to place in their hands. It contains just what they might have learned under similar circumstances, if able to be still and look and listen long enough. The critical will find something here and there they would have said or done differently, as, for instance, the statement that nature gave the golden-winged woodpecker a straight, sharp, wedge-shaped bill well calculated for cutting out chips; a very long, horny-tipped tongue for thrusting into the holes he makes; a peculiar arrangement of the toes, two forward and two back, and stiff, spiny tail-feathers for supporting himself against the side of the tree as he works. This is followed by the remark that a new way of living has changed him from the other woodpeckers, has curved and put a rounded point on his bill, has moved the red spot to the back of his neck and partly covered it, has taken away some of the horny tip of the tongue, and has changed the tips of the tail-feathers. If the new way changes him thus, it may be that it was an older way that gave him the peculiarities of bill, tongue, toes, and tail-feathers, and made a woodpecker of him. The artist also may be taken up for attempts to improve on the text, as in the picture of orioles building amid wintry surroundings; or in that of the hawk said to stand on a bracket against the wall, but which is shown hanging by a string from the ceiling; or, further, in the case where the text says the author sits on an old stump, on the edge of a pine thicket, in front of an old fence struggling against the blackberry vines which grow profusely about it, while the picture has him sitting on the ground, his back against the fence, the pine thicket half a mile away, and the vines out of sight.

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*Municipal Government*, as illustrated by the Charters, Finances, and Public Charities of New York. By Bird S. Coler, Comptroller of the City. D. Appleton & Co. 1900.

Mr. Coler has won local distinction by vigorous protests against several of the abuses of their trust by the rulers of New York, and in this volume he has collected the substance of his criticisms. He shows that under the present charter some $15,000,000 more is expended than was previously required, with practically nothing to show for it. There are too many departments, too many bureaus, too many officers, and too high salaries. The bicameral Municipal Assembly is an expensive failure. It "has developed into a mere obstructive body, with well-nigh unlimited negative power, or at least enough to defeat the best plans of any honest, competent, and progressive administration. As a lawmaking body, this branch of the government need not be considered, because it has made no laws." It costs $200,000 a year, and gives away privileges that could be sold for $500,000. The borough system is also a complete failure, and if it were abolished, and superfluous officers removed, $1,000,000 a year could be saved. The abuses that have grown up under the mantle of "charity" would be incredible were they not notorious. In various ways some $7,000,000 a year is expended by the city—a sum not approached by any other community, and with results of a most demoralizing nature.

In spite of this showing, Mr. Coler is an advocate of municipal ownership. We believe that he is responsible for the statement that it cost the city to acquire certain water rights $1,400,000, of which $900,000 went in condemnation proceedings. Until there is some reason to suppose that such robbery can be prevented, the prospect of enlarging the opportunities of the rulers of the city will not be alluring to the taxpayers. The argument that the water works have been a good investment in the past is altogether fallacious. Nor is the argument from the records of the Dock Department more conclusive. It takes no account of the exemption of city property from taxation, nor does it consider whether the rents charged for the wharves are proper. We have had a commission investigating the decline of the export trade of New York, and reporting one cause as being the port charges, in which the rent of piers must be included. In both cases the proper question is whether the business has been carried on by public officers honestly and economically. Theoretically, municipal ownership has many attractions, and it is conceivable that the community would not be worse robbed by Tammany Hall directly than it now is indirectly; but there is obvi-

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ously no hope of improvement in giving such rulers as now control the government of the city more patronage.

So far as Mr. Coler's suggestions contemplate the restoration of its powers to the Board of Estimate and Apportionment, they have much weight; and when the charter is revised we have no doubt that the Comptroller will furnish much useful counsel.

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*The Domestic Blunders of Women.* By A Mere Man. Funk & Wagnalls Co.

If one is to pay "A Mere Man" the compliment of treating his book seriously, it will be suitable to state his argument, which is this:

A man's office is his business;

A man's house is his business:

Therefore they must be managed alike. From this syllogism results another:

But the house is never managed as well as the office;

Therefore women know nothing of management; and, finally,

"Any man could manage his house better than his wife, his mother, his sister, or his daughters, or a combination of any of them."

Now a house is not an office in either plan or scope, and herein, one would think, lay ample answer to the whole contention. But the author harps upon the analogy till he seems really to have persuaded himself that the home is a money-making investment—or should be; say, rather, a money-losing one—and that its failure or success is to be estimated in terms of the counting-house. Such an argument is met and overthrown by mere statement, and, like the Arab Princess, "sinks a-down, a heap of ashes pale." It remains, therefore, only to quote a few of "A Mere Man's" graceful dicta, detaching them from any alleged logical framework:

"The real remedy [for the servant trouble] is to promptly sack all your women-servants, and engage men only." "Men can teach themselves to cook in a very short time, and all the rest is child's play." "I do not depart from my original statement that the real fault of all the discomfort and extravagance of 'Home' life is due to 'the Missus,' but I hope that I have shown that my eyes are quite open to the servant's share in it." "Women suffer from the delusion that they are neat by nature." "Not only are women sublimely unreasonable in such matters, but their taste in the matter of decoration is most abominable."

And to come to his two fundamental points of doctrine. The habit, essentially feminine, according to the author, of ready payment of household bills, is destructive of the man's credit. "Do you suppose," he cries in pious rage, "that my wife's twenty years of paying the bills weekly would give us a fortnight's credit for a box of matches, or that our tradesmen would accept such a new departure as a small check on account? I say emphatically, 'No.'" The credit system and the discount system, then, are his watchwords. Housekeepers may place their own valuation on this code. A great deal of yelping about the universal mismanagement of servants and children, a certain amount of vulgarly humorous talk of chops and saucepans, in their relation to domestic happiness, and the contents of the book are indicated. Our fancy is that the verdict passed upon it by the American public, at any rate, will be, in the language of the cross-ways, "Correct Weight, One Cent."

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BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Aikin, Dr. W. A. The Voice: Its Physiology and Cultivation. Macmillan. $1.
Byron, Lord. Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Cassells. 10c.
Coubertin, Baron P. de. France since 1814. Macmillan.
Davis, H. W. C. Charlemagne: The Hero of Two Nations. Putnams. $1.50.
Dix, E. A. Deacon Bradbury: A Novel. The Century Co. $1.50.
Edwards, E. Jack Pots: Stories of the Great American Game. Chicago: Jamieson-Higgins Co.
Fitch, C. Barbara Frietchie: A Play in Four Acts. Life Pub. Co. 25c.
Gleason, C. W. A Term of Ovid: Ten Stories from the Metamorphoses for Boys and Girls. The American Book Co. 75c.
Harper's Guide to Paris and the Exposition of 1900. Harpers. $1.
Harris, Dr. M. H. The Chautauqua System of Jewish Education. Philadelphia: The Jewish Chautauqua Society.
Hunn, C. E., and Bailey, L. H. The Amateur's Practical Garden-Book. Macmillan. $1.
Jacoby, A. Ein Neues Evangelienfragment. Lemcke & Buechner.
Jarrold, E. Mickey Finn. Chicago: Jamieson-Higgins Co. 50c.
Kaufmann, Dr. G. Politische Geschichte Deutschlands im Neunzehnten Jahrhundert. Berlin: Georg Bondi; New York: Lemcke & Buechner.
Kennedy, H. Lessons from the Desk. Philadelphia: American Baptist Pub. Society.
Lancaster, E. M. A Manual of English History for the Use of Schools. Revised ed. American Book Co. $1.
Landon, J. S. The Constitutional History and Government of the United States. (New ed.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $3.
Lee, S. Dictionary of National Biography. Vol. lxii. Williamson-Worden. London: Smith, Elder & Co.; New York: Macmillan. $3.75.
Lewis, A. H. Sandburrs. Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.50.
Marchmont, A. W. The Greatest Gift. London: Hutchinson & Co.; New York: F. M. Buckles & Co. $1.25.
Mathews, F. S. The Writing-Table of the Twentieth Century. Brentano.
Mathews, Frances A. The New Yorkers and Other People. New York: Godfrey A. S. Wieners. $1.50.
McAuley, A. The Rhymer. Scribners. $1.50.
Miles, A. About My Father's Business. The Mershon Co.
Mitchell, S. W. The Wager, and Other Poems. The Century Co. $1.
Orcutt, H. E. The Empire of the Invisibles. New York: The Metaphysical Pub. Co. 75c.
O'Rell, Max. Woman and Artist. Harpers.
Plummer, F. E. Gracia: A Social Tragedy. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.
Remington, F. Men with the Bark On. Harpers.
Rice, Prof. H. L. The Theory and Practice of Interpolation: Including Mechanical Quadrature and Other Important Problems concerned with the Tabular Values of Functions. Lynn, Mass.: Thos. P. Nichols.
Shakespeare, W. The Comedy of Errors. Cassells. 10c.
Shaw, E. R. Big People and Little People of Other Lands. American Book Co. 30c.
Slocum, Capt. J. Sailing Alone Around the World. The Century Co.
Stoddard, Prof. F. H. The Evolution of the English Novel. Macmillan. $1.50.
Supplement to Directory to the Iron and Steel Works of the United States. Philadelphia: The American Iron and Steel Association. $2.
Swett, J. American Public Schools: History and Pedagogics. American Book Co. $1.
The Prose of Edward Rowland Sill. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
Valdés, A. P. The Joy of Captain Ribot. Translated by Minna C. Smith. Brentano.
Walkey, S. For the Sake of the Duchesse. Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.25.


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